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FEB 25 1910

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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VOL XLIV NO 23

FEBRUARY 26 1910

Simplicity in an automobile is proof of advance design.

Nowhere in the Franklin do you find complexity.

Simplicity is not solely in avoiding a multitude of parts and contrivances. Methods of operation can be just as complicated as anything else, and things simple in themselves can be put together in a complicated way.

The Franklin chassis is a masterpiece of simplicity. There is nothing cumbersome; all the elements are plain straight work with few parts. There is no dead weight, no plumbing, no torque rods, no strut rods or other evidences of complexity.

Everything connected with the operation of the Franklin is simple. The control is by throttle only. The transmission operates direct without intermediate mechanism. The same is true of the brakes. The steering gear, the axles, the transmission, the ignition—all are simple and light. The lighter an automobile the easier it is on all its parts.

Everything in the Franklin is accessible and easily removable. You may not have to remove anything, but you do not want the complexity which means poor or crude design.

The water-cooled automobile can never be simple like the Franklin.

The Franklin new air-cooling system eliminates all auxiliary apparatus. Gears, fan, belts, pulleys, piping, packing, soldering, pump, radiator and all the mechanisms required in water cooling are dispensed with. There is nothing to get out of order, freeze or leak. The motor will not overheat.

Even the tire question is simple with the Franklin.

Motorists have been taught that tire trouble is necessary and that demountable rims, extra tires and other complex additions must be endured. Not so with the Franklin. The tire question is easily and simply solved—just by using tires large enough and strong enough to do the work. Extra tires or extra rims or anything to add trouble and useless weight are avoided.

Franklin tire equipment never blows out; punctures are rare, and the tires give service for more than four times the mileage of the ordinary tire equipment. Nineteen-hundred-ten Franklins have been in use since last June, so you can get these facts direct from owners.

The Franklin is simple in every way. Simplicity means reliability and long life. A complicated automobile gets old a great deal quicker than a simple one. An automobile that lasts five years is more reliable the first month, the first year and all the time than one that only lasts two or three years.

If you are going to pay more than \$3000 for an automobile select a six-cylinder.

With that investment you are entitled to the best.

If you want thirty horse power or more get a six-cylinder. For small horse powers the advantage, final results and first cost considered, is with the four-cylinder motor. Above that the advantage is with the six.

A six-cylinder automobile will not climb hills any better than a four-cylinder, nor will it run slower on the throttle. True, these are the alluring features claimed by most makers, which simply shows that they have missed the real advantage of six-cylinder construction. The properly designed six-cylinder automobile is lighter per horse power than the four, smoother in operation and easier on tires.

Naturally we make both four- and six-cylinder automobiles—the four in smaller horse powers and the six for high power. We do not attempt to make one thing do for everything. In four-cylinder construction as power is increased the weight of the fly wheel has to increase more than the power and weight in the whole vehicle must be increased, else the vehicle will not long withstand the power shocks. Heavy fly wheels cause more trouble to driving mechanisms than anything else.

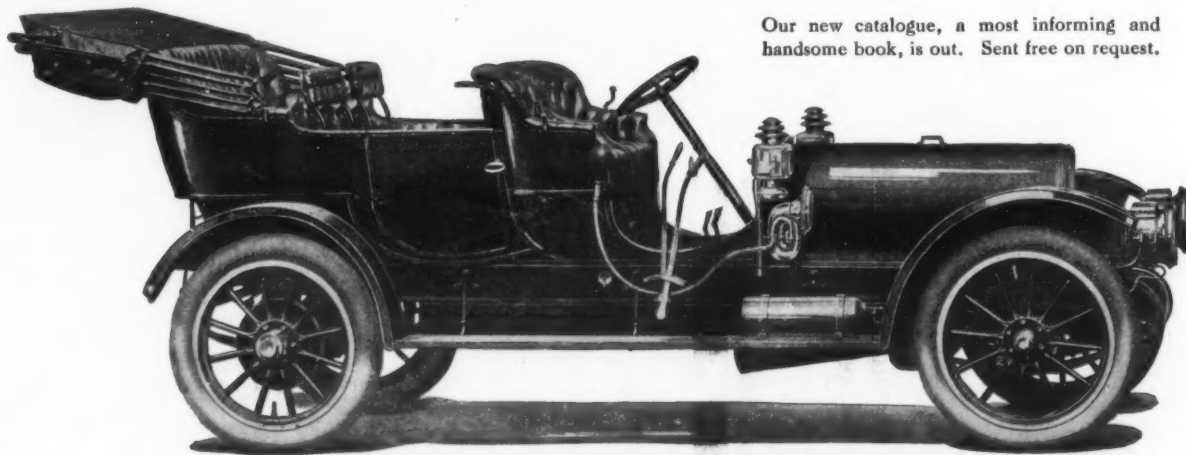
In the Franklin six-cylinder seven-passenger forty-two horsepower Model H the increase in power is thirty per cent greater than the increase in weight—a result other makers miss. The Franklin six-cylinder motor is what a six-cylinder motor ought to be—a scientific light-weight highly-balanced power plant. Instead of the heavy fly wheel required on the four-cylinder motor of high power the fly wheel, because of steady engine torque, is very light. The power application is easy on the whole automobile from the tires to the engine. When you ride or drive you note its smoothness and readily recognize its superiority over the high-powered four.

A simple way to decide between a four-cylinder and six-cylinder automobile is to compare the best high-powered four you know with the Franklin Model H. The way to get at the facts as between the Franklin six and other sixes is to compare them feature by feature and then put them to severe tests, over bad roads and good roads and on hills.

Franklin six-cylinder Model H has no equal on American roads.

It makes the best touring time of all automobiles. The wonderful smoothness of its engine, together with its four full-elliptic springs, wood chassis frame, large wheels and long wheel base, gives it an easy riding and charm of operation unknown in other six-cylinder automobiles.

In smaller horse powers Franklin Model D, twenty-eight horse power, and Model G, eighteen horse power, have long held the lead in four-cylinder construction. Light and flexible and having all the well known Franklin principles, they are not surpassed for comfort, reliability and economy. They do not get old and seemingly never wear out.

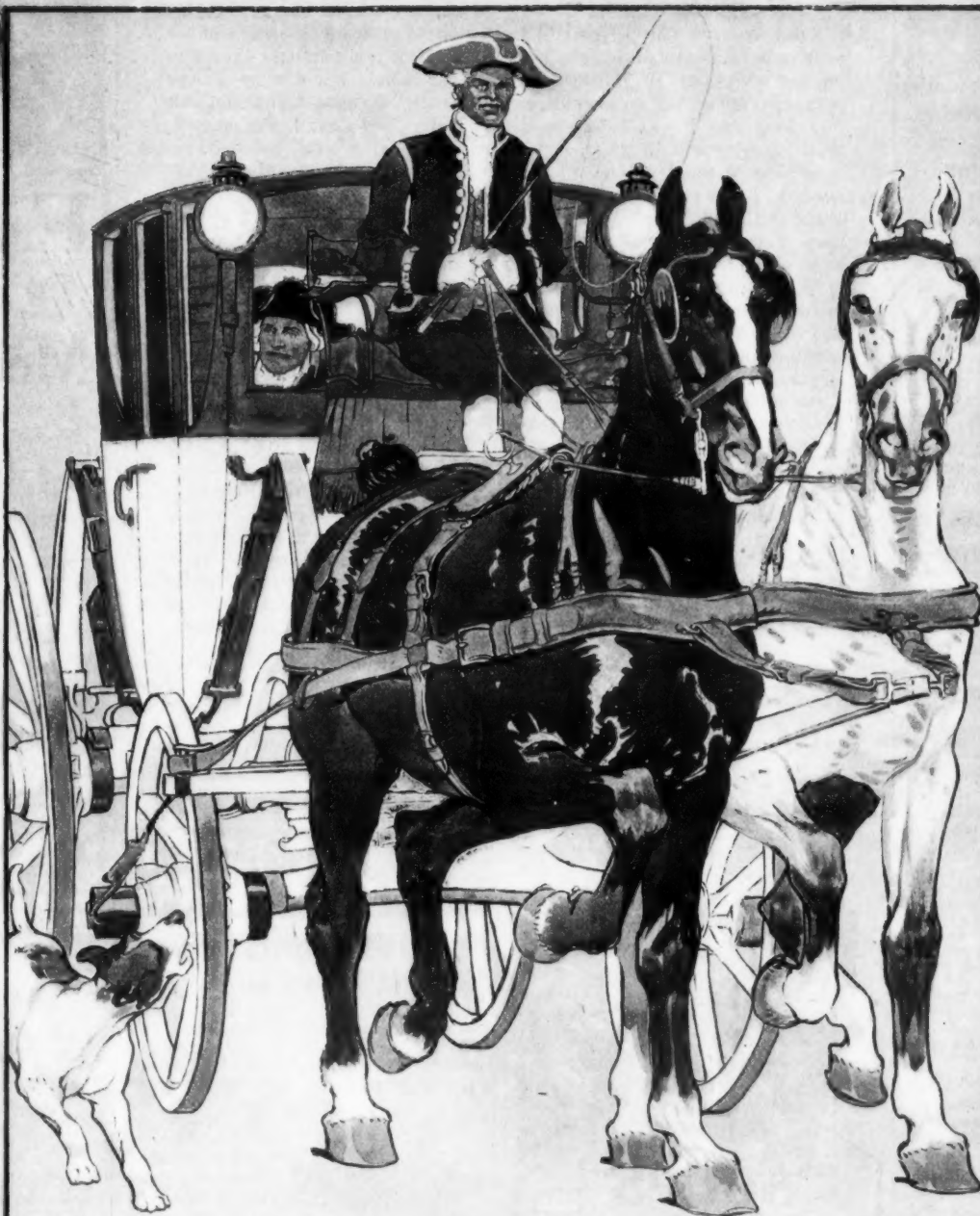


Our new catalogue, a most informing and handsome book, is out. Sent free on request.

H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY Syracuse N Y

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

The STYLE BOOK



Edward
Penfield

Copyright, 1910, by Hart Schaffner & Marx

OUR Spring Style Book is a special Washington number; scenes from the city of Washington. It will show you how the best dressed men dress; an authority on men's styles.

Send six cents for a copy. Ready for the mail about March 1.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Chicago

Good Clothes Makers
Boston

New York

Mortifying Confession

A woman who says, "Thank heaven, I'm through with my Spring house-cleaning," makes a mortifying confession.

She admits that for **twelve months** she allowed her house to grow **dirty, month by month**, until it became just **twelve times** as dirty as it should be.

What excuse can she offer? Why does she clean house thoroughly only once or twice a year?

The confusion—the misery—the worry it causes—when done in the old-fashioned way—is her **only** excuse.



The Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner

transforms the cleaning of the home from an infinite burden into a comparative pastime—into an actual pleasure.

Instead of an upheaval of furniture, taking up carpets, etc., the Duntley Cleaner, by an **easy, simple, daily renovation**, gives you perpetual freedom from **dust, grime and disease germs**—without disturbing furniture or furnishings.

Try It—At My Expense

I know so well that the Duntley Cleaner will free you forever from the housecleaning bugbear, that I am willing to send you one for a **free** demonstration in your own home—no matter where you live.

I am not afraid to ship the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner a thousand miles away, to let it tell its own story, and to prove to you **why** it has won Grand Prizes here and Gold Medals abroad.

I will even **rent** you a Duntley Cleaner by the month, until you **convince yourself** that it is **cheaper** to have it than to be without it—and then when you decide to buy, I will apply **all** the rent you have paid on the regular purchase price—\$35 to \$125.

And when I am willing to take **all** the risk, won't you give me the opportunity to **prove** these statements—by filling out and mailing me the coupon below—today—now?

A Business of Your Own Earning \$10 a day or more

There is such an immense demand for vacuum cleaning that any honest, energetic worker can earn big money daily doing commercial cleaning.

The following letter is evidence of the splendid possibilities of this business:



Home Cleaning Co.
GENERAL HOUSECLEANING
106 WASHINGTON BLDG.
CHICAGO, ILL.

Orville, Wash. Nov. 22, 1909.

Duntley Mfg. Co.,
Chicago, Ills.

Gentlemen: In the past forty-three days my Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner has netted \$47.25—on an average of over \$1.00 per day, doing splendid work and giving entire satisfaction to the people for whom I have worked.

Yours respectfully,

Oliver L. Hancock

I have started scores of men in the commercial cleaning business—like Mr. Hancock—and I will do exactly for you what I have done for them, if you will simply fill out and mail me the coupon below.

Don't hesitate—do it **right now**.

J. W. Duntley, Pres., 402 Harvester Bldg., Chicago

..... Cut on This Line and Mail Coupon at Once

Duntley Manufacturing Co., 402 Harvester Bldg., Chicago

Send me booklet of Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners for.....household or.....commercial use, and your book on scientific housecleaning.

Name.....

Address.....

County.....

Town..... State.....

Mark X before the use in which you are interested

4

ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 44

SUBSTITUTION

I HAVE been asked by many advertisers to write a Bulletin on the subject of Substitution.

Substitution as it is practised to-day, by many retail dealers, is a positive evil and an injustice to manufacturer and to consumer alike. Not long ago I sent a boy to a local drug store to purchase a small list of toilet articles that I needed. I was careful to name the brand of the articles because I had used them before and knew them to be as represented.

When the boy came back with his purchases, imagine my surprise and disgust when I found, upon examination, that the druggist had substituted every article. Naturally I was indignant and I sent the goods back and that druggist lost a regular customer. The articles he sent me may have been just as good as those asked for, but he had no more right to substitute them than he would have to attempt to cheat me in making change.

I know of a concern who was supposed to handle exclusively Ostermoor Mattresses. One day

three different persons went to this store and asked for Ostermoor Mattresses. Without any explanation they were shown another make. It was not until the clerk was pinned down for a definite answer and a demand made upon him that the advertised brand was shown, and then only in a half-hearted way.

This, to my mind, is the rankest kind of deception and advertisers have a right to rise up and protest against it. There are many manufacturers who do not advertise but who make honest, reliable goods. If they do not see fit to make their goods known through the medium of advertising, that is their business, but you have a right to specify what brand of goods you want, and it is manifestly unfair to you when a retail dealer does not give you what you go into his store to purchase.

If you believe in the firms who advertise, and in the products they advertise, insist upon getting what you ask for. If they and their goods were not reliable, they could not use the columns of Collier's or of any other responsible publications.

E. L. Batterman.

Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"Two Kinds of Drug Advertising"



SOUPS

Stews and Hashes

A keen relish of these every-day dishes can be had by adding

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It is a superior flavoring for Fish, Meats, Game, Salads, Chafing Dish Cooking, Welsh Rarebits, etc.

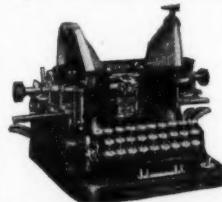
See that **Lea & Perrins' Signature** is on the Label and Wrapper.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, New York.

Old Appliance **LAME PEOPLE** Our Appliance
The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. Worn with any style of ready made shoes with perfect ease and comfort. Shipped on trial. Write for Booklet.
HENRY F. LOTZ, 319 Third Avenue, NEW YORK

Hitch Your Pennies to the OLIVER!

It's **YOURS** for 17¢ a Day **PENNIES** have mighty pulling-power when properly harnessed up. They work like slaves for the man who saves—say seventeen cents a day. At your command they will bring you the world's most highly perfected typewriter—the magnificent Oliver No. 5. They have done just this for thousands!



The "Seventeen Cents a Day" offer has attracted widespread attention and won hosts of new friends for the Oliver.

It has swelled the sales to such volume that records have gone to smash—and has taught improvident spenders that pennies are really cash!

Penny-Sense is the secret of the thrift that brings success. It seems like creating something out of nothing.

Your wonder grows as the pennies grow into big, round dollars.

You get the machine **right away**, by making a small cash payment. Then we willingly wait while day by day the pennies accumulate.

Just save and pay monthly at the rate of Seventeen Cents a Day and have the machine **while you pay**.

The Oliver Typewriter is great in its grasp of the needs of this complex age. It is "all things to all men"—so wonderfully versatile that it responds to a multitude of special requirements.

It has speed possibilities which the swiftest operator has never been able to overtake. Its printing qualities are superb.

It writes with light, telegraphic touch.

The OLIVER Typewriter

"The Standard Visible Writer"

It is the greatest writing machine value ever offered for \$100, and our easy terms of payment make this the **typewriter opportunity of the age**.

Write for full details or see the nearest Oliver Typewriter Representative.

The Oliver Typewriter Co.

67 Oliver Typewriter Building Chicago



FREE

For Thirty Days

This splendid

Meister Piano at \$175

Delivered to your own home in any part of America and freight charges prepaid—**for one month's unlimited trial**. If it is not the best piano at the price in existence, and you do not like it, we will take it back and **pay the return freight**. We merely want the chance to place this piano in your home so you can judge its merits for yourself.

No cash payment down. No interest. No extras. We pay the freight.

\$1.00 Weekly or \$5.00 a Month

A splendid educator for the children, a wonderful entertainment for all the family. Refining, elevating, instructive. Try it for 30 days free of all cost. A Rothschild 10-year guarantee bond with each instrument.

We Sell Direct from Factory to You and save you the big profits usually paid on pianos. Piano stool and scarf free. Send at once for our magnificently illustrated Meister Piano book. **It's Free**. It shows all grades of Meister Pianos in colors.

Rothschild & Company
202 State St., Chicago, Ill.



DRAWING AS Taught By The **ACME WAY**. We positively guarantee you proficiency or return your money by our new method of quickly teaching Illustrating, cartooning, commercial drawing, mechanical drawing, architectural drawing, or sheet metal pattern drafting in your own home by mail, on easiest terms ever offered. Only spare time needed. Learn where the instructors are the best, with American and European training, where all instruction is personal and your success is guaranteed. Write today for full particulars of our new plan and learn how our students earn money and hold positions while studying. Say which you wish to learn and write now. Founded 1898. If you can attend our resident school, kindly so state when writing.

The Acme School of Drawing, 5416 S. St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Rider Agents Wanted

In each town to ride and exhibit sample 1910 bicycle. Write for Special Offer. **Finest Guaranteed \$10 to \$27** 1910 Models. **\$7 to \$12** 1908 & 1909 Models. **\$3 to \$8** 100 Second-Hand Wheels. All makes and models, good as new. Great Factory Clearing Sale. We Ship On Approval without a cent down, pay the freight and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL**. Tires, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries, half usual prices. Do not buy till you get our catalog and offer. Write now. **MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. T-54, CHICAGO**

HOME STUDY THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO OFFERS 350 of its class-room courses by correspondence. One may take up High School or College studies at almost any point and do half the work for a Bachelor degree. Courses for Teachers, Writers, Bankers, Accountants, Business Men, Ministers, Parents and many in other vocations. The U. of C., Div. A, Chicago, Ill.

Perfect points make easy writing Elastic—not brittle Don't balk or splutter. **SPENCERIAN Steel Pens** A style for every purpose. Sample card of 12, all different, for 6 cents postage. Spencerian Pen Co., 349 Broadway, N.Y.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

COLLIER'S NATIONAL HOTEL DIRECTORY

BOSTON, MASS.

United States Hotel Beach, Lincoln and Kingston Sts. 360 rooms. Suites with bath. A.P. \$3. R.P. \$1 up. In center of business section.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Chicago Beach Hotel 51st Boul. and Lake Shore. American or European plan. Only 10 minutes' ride from city, near South Park System. 430 rooms, 250 private baths. Illus. Booklet on request.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

New Hotel Denechaud New Orleans, La. Centrally located, absolutely fireproof, all outside rooms, fine restaurant, every convenience. European Plan. \$1.50 up per day. Write for Booklet.

PITTSBURG, PA.

Hotel Henry 5th Ave. & Smithfield St. In center of business section. Modern fireproof. European plan \$1.50 and up. E. E. Bonneville, Mgr.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Hotel Savoy "12 stories of solid comfort." Concrete, steel and marble. In fashionable shopping district. 210 rooms. 135 baths. Eng. grill. \$1.50 up.

RESORTS

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Chalfonte ATLANTIC CITY. The one suggests the other; one of the world's most famous resorts. The best place for rest, recreation, and recuperation. Write for reservations to The Leeds Company. Always Open. On the beach. Between the Piers.

MARLIN, TEXAS

Hot Mineral Water similar to Carlsbad, Germany. Rates on all railroads. Comfortable hotels. Modern Sanitariums and Bath Houses. Reasonable prices. Winter training place New York Giants. For information address Commerce Club, Box 5, Marlin, Texas.

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AMERICAN, EUROPEAN, ORIENTAL

Information regarding tours to any part of the world will be furnished free upon request by letter to COLLIERS TRAVEL DEPARTMENT 420 W. 13th Street, New York

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SWITZERLAND

THE LAND OF SCENIC BEAUTY

From Your Coming European Tour

Let us help you with your plans. Expert information gladly given. No fees. Write for our suggestions and a copy of "Zermatt and the Matterhorn" and other handbooks literature including the "Hotels of Switzerland." Free on personal application or mailed for 10c postage.

Swiss Federal Railroad NEW YORK

EUROPE THE IDEAL WAY

Best Way to See Europe at Moderate Cost. Send for Booklet. J. P. GRAHAM, IDEAL EUROPEAN TOURS, Box 1055-K, Pittsburgh, Pa.



Velvet Grip
RUBBER BUTTON

Hose Supporter
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

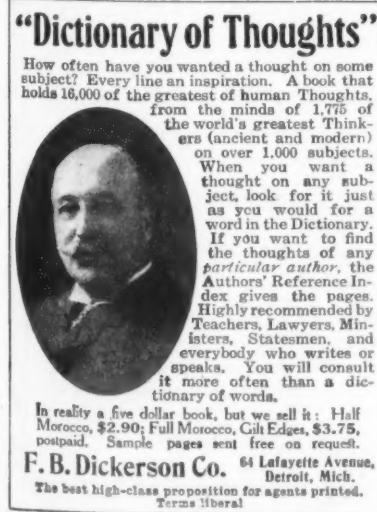
Easily attached
Holds fast
Does not tear

Consequently saves its cost many times over in saving of stockings—
Try them.

Worn by Children everywhere

YOU CAN BUY THEM ANYWHERE
Or Sample Pair, Children's Sizes (give age), mailed on receipt of 16 cents.

GEORGE FROST CO., Boston, Mass., U. S. A.



"Dictionary of Thoughts"

How often have you wanted a thought on some subject? Every line an inspiration. A book that holds 16,000 of the greatest of human Thoughts, from the minds of 1,775 of the world's greatest Thinkers (ancient and modern) on over 1,000 subjects. When you want a thought on any subject, look for it just as you would for a word in the Dictionary. If you want to find the thoughts of any particular author, the Authors' Reference Index gives the pages. Highly recommended by Teachers, Lawyers, Ministers, Statesmen, and everybody who writes or speaks. You will consult it more often than a dictionary of words.

In reality a five dollar book, but we sell it: Half Morocco, \$2.90; Full Morocco, Gilt Edges, \$3.75, postpaid. Sample pages sent free on request.

F. B. Dickerson Co. 64 Lafayette Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

The best high-class proposition for agents printed. Terms liberal

Collier's

Saturday, February 26, 1910



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Volume XLIV

Number 23

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NOT in any MILK TRUST HORLICK'S Original and Genuine MALTED MILK

Rich milk and malted grain extract in powder. A quick lunch. Keep it on your sideboard at home. Others are Imitations—Ask for Horlick's—Everywhere

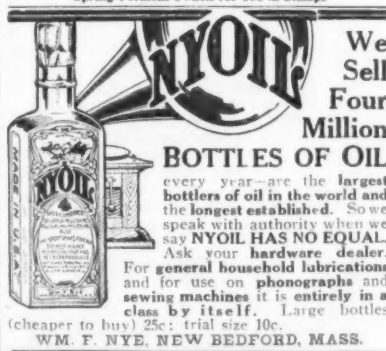


**Society Brand
Clothes
for Young Men.**
The highest type of clothes made.

Different—yet dignified.
EVERY GOOD CLOTHIER SELLS THEM.
READY TO WEAR. SPECIFY

Society Brand

Made in Chicago by ALFRED DECKER & COHN
Spring Fashions Panels for 10c in Stamps



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We Sell Four Million BOTTLES OF OIL every year—are the largest bottlers of oil in the world and the longest established. Some speak with authority when we say NYOIL HAS NO EQUAL. Ask your hardware dealer for general household lubrications and for use on phonographs and sewing machines it is entirely in a class by itself. Large bottles (cheaper to buy) 25c; trial size 10c.

WM. F. NYE, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

Your Share in New York's Prosperity

YOU know that New York City real estate is a good investment but do you know that one who can spare only \$10 a month can share in its profits? Our Guaranteed First Mortgage Certificates are in effect small mortgages on the most valuable and productive real estate in the world. You do not speculate when you buy these certificates. You invest your savings safely at a good rate of interest. They are issued in amounts of \$200, \$500, \$1,000 and \$5,000.

The payment of the principal and interest is guaranteed by the Bond and Mortgage Guarantee Company with its capital and surplus of \$7,500,000.

We stake our own reputation on the satisfactory character of these mortgage certificates and we have a capital and surplus of \$14,000,000.

Our security is first mortgage security such as the law favors for savings banks, life insurance companies and all conservative trust investments.

The \$200 certificate can be bought, if desired, at the rate of \$10 per month.

For Booklet, return this coupon
TITLE GUARANTEE AND TRUST CO
176 Broadway, New York

Please send "The Safe Way to Save," advertised in Collier's Weekly, to

Name _____
Address _____
175 Remsen Street, Brooklyn
350 Fulton Street, Jamaica

The first Derby made in America was a

C & K

HATS for MEN



The characteristic distinction of Knapp-Felt hats appeals to the discriminating—those for whom the best is none too good. The shapes are exclusive C & K designs of unquestioned propriety in sufficient variety to afford an opportunity for the exercise of individual taste in the selection of a hat which is proper because it is becoming.

Knapp-Felt hats are made in the C & K Shop where the excellence of the output is the most important consideration. The superb quality, the noticeable elegance of style and the steadfast Cronap dye are features peculiar to Knapp-Felt—the results of expert, well paid handwork.

Knapp-Felt Derbies and Soft Hats are made in two grades, \$6 and \$4. The smart styles for Spring are shown by the best dealers everywhere.

Your newspaper probably has the announcement of a hatter who sells Knapp-Felts.

Write for The Hatman

THE CROFT & KNAPP CO.
842 Broadway, New York



Razor Edge After Shaving

After you have shaved one time with a razor this is what the edge would look like under the microscope. By expert stropping you can bend these bent teeth back into line and thereby restore the edge to sharpness again. But without stropping, these bent teeth pull, tear and scrape when you try to shave.

Do you not now see the impossibility of a no-stropping razor, and the necessity of expert stropping?

And do you know that the only razor which anybody can strop as expertly as the head barber is the AutoStrop Safety Razor?

TRY IT FREE
(Dealers Read This, Too)

Don't be over modest about asking the dealer to sell you an AutoStrop Safety Razor on 30 days' free trial. You're not asking him a favor. You're doing him a favor. You're giving him a chance to sell you a razor. You can take it back if you want to—but you won't want to. However, should you want to, don't hesitate to, as the dealer loses absolutely nothing. We take back any returned razors. One blade often lasts six months to a year.



\$5.00 invested in an AutoStrop Safety Razor is your total shaving expense for years. You get a heavily silver plated self stropping razor, 12 fine blades, and horsehide strop in small, handsome leather case. Price, \$5.00.

Will you get an AutoStrop Safety Razor on trial today—now—while you have it in mind? Putting it off won't get it done.

"THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS" is a book that will amuse you. If your lips are cracked, don't send for it. You will be surprised to find in it such a mine of unknown information on a subject we are all supposed to know about—the subject of shaving and razors.

It will actually teach you to give yourself a shave that's as good as the head barber's—a shave you can hardly feel. This book ought not to be free, but it is. Shuffle off the "tug of inertia." Quick! Get your pen and post card and tell us to send it. **AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY**, 340 Fifth Avenue, New York; 61 New Oxford Street, London; 14 St. Helen Street, Montreal.

FAR QUICKER, HANDIER THAN A NO-STROPPING RAZOR



Strops, Shaves, Cleans without Detaching Blade



The Auto-Meter Costs More

The Slogan of competition may be said to consist practically of the phrase "It's cheaper than the Auto-Meter."

For the fact is everywhere acknowledged that the Auto-Meter is the aristocrat of speed indicators.

Let us see what merit there is in this cry of cheapness.

Let it be admitted at the start that the Auto-Meter is the highest priced speed indicator made.

No expense whatever is spared in its construction. Accuracy and dependability are the sole aims. It is built with the same care and thoroughness as the finest watch.

Yet the demand for the Auto-Meter has increased so rapidly that our output has been quadrupled within two years. And our factory is the best-equipped of its kind in the world.

How, then, can anyone else make the same quality more cheaply than we?

Must there not be a reduction in accuracy, in reliability, in quality, to offset the reduction in price? Judge for yourself.

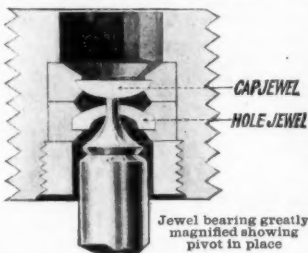
And remember, too, that the Auto-Meter is constructed on the only principle which experience has demonstrated to insure accuracy under all conditions—the principle of magnetic induction.

We should like to send you our booklet, going more into detail.



A Delicate Operation in Auto-Meter Construction—One of Many

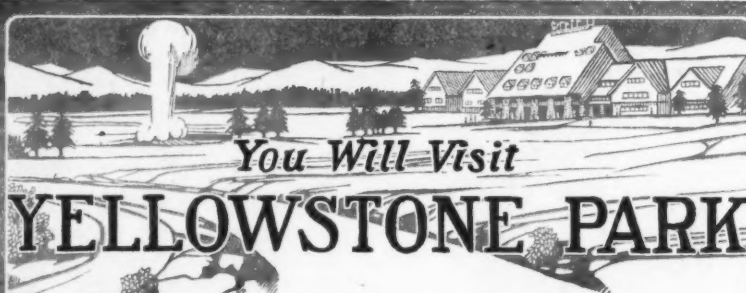
The Jewel Bearings. The bearings which support the pivot are sapphires, drilled, ground and lapped by jewelers' machinery. They are identical in every way with the pivot jewels used in watches of the finest grade. The hole in the hole-jewels is "olive" shape (so called), the latest and best form of jewel construction. This means that the holes are beveled, being largest at the outside and tapering toward the center, so that while a body of sapphire is used large enough to withstand breakage, the actual bearing surface which comes in contact with the pinion is less than a hair's breadth. The end of the pinion which bears against the cap jewel is rounded, so



Jewel bearing greatly magnified showing pivot in place. that the end or thrust bearing is a mere point. Watchmakers have found that this construction comes so near to eliminating friction entirely that no machine has been devised sensitive enough to measure or indicate the degree of friction which exists.

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Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, February 26, 1910



❑ The issue for March 5 will contain the usual departments, fiction, and at least one special article, but it will be especially interesting because of its art features—Remington, Parrish, and Walter Appleton Clark all being represented in this number.

Remington, Parrish, and Clark

❑ Any work of the late Frederic Remington not yet published has a peculiar value and interest. A number of the later drawings of this artist, who was also the historian of a phase of American life now almost a thing of the past, are still in the possession of Collier's, and one of them will be used as a double page in the issue of March 5. It is called "Buying Polo Ponies in the West," and represents a typical horse-ranch scene. The pony has been saddled and tried out, evidently, and the prospective buyer—a cavalry officer from a nearby post or a horseman from the East—is looking him over critically in the presence of the two keen-appearing young ranchmen.

❑ The cover design is by the late Walter Appleton Clark, and it is the last of this artist's drawings owned by Collier's and not yet published. It represents an Italian—a street singer—playing his guitar and waiting for the contributions yet to be tossed from upper windows.

❑ The Parrish frontispiece is the sixth of the new series depicting scenes from the wonder tales of Greek mythology. It is entitled "The Argonauts in Quest of the Golden Fleece," and its indigo sea and towering yellow cliffs, with the sunlight just striking through a narrow cleft, lend themselves with special success to the rich and vivid coloring of which this artist is such a master.

"The Machine-Made Man"

❑ This is the title of an article by Arthur Ruhl on a recent clothes show held in Madison Square Garden, New York. It was an exhibition which would not have been possible twenty years or—in its present proportions—even five years ago. It presented the products and the business and advertising methods of the ready-to-wear clothing industry of to-day. It is an enormous industry, with not only brains and capital behind it, but an amount of intelligence and good taste rarely exhibited by the suit-makers of a generation ago.

❑ Machinery long ago revolutionized household duties, and it has all but revolutionized the art and trade of tailoring. Perhaps the most interesting aspect of its encroachment is the tendency toward "standardizing" the appearance of the average man. Those behind this movement are very much alive. Their advertising psychology is keen and original, they have their own slang, and—since the Potash and Pearlmutt stories in an esteemed contemporary—almost their own literature. Something of their human side, as seen by the casual outsider, is presented in this article. It is illustrated by a number of drawings made from life by Henry Raleigh.

Fiction

❑ The story for the number of March 5 will be "The Outlaw," by Elia W. Peattie. It is a tale of the Northwest, of a blizzard and what happened in it. The outlaw was a lumberman. "He had stood up alone and unaided against the richest and most determined trust in Wisconsin. Sheriff after sheriff had failed to gather in this recalcitrant lumberman, who, because his claim of indebtedness against the company was not allowed, contrived to tie up a large part of the company's business and to hold at bay the armed posses which backed each inept sheriff." The man who outlawed him was president of the trust, "a man who had overcome apparently insurmountable obstacles, a man who could find a way out when no one else could. He had been victorious over every adverse circumstance and every adversary," except, of course, the lumberman. Open warfare had been declared between the two, and it was in the midst of it and in the midst of a storm which dwarfed the puny efforts of mere humans that the two came together. And it was under these curious circumstances that they saw each other as they had never seen each other before.

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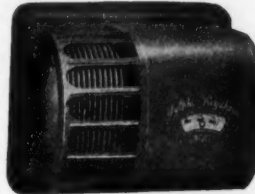
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Collier's

The National Weekly



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"Twelfth Night"

HARMONY, the rarest quality in acting, is what gives the highest value to the stage. Only through a just relation of all the parts can the poetry of the noblest elements in drama survive the theater. The flashes of even the most brilliant of star actors mean less than a great drama so presented that it remains the highest form of literature. In all English there is perhaps no comedy so near perfection as is "Twelfth Night." Vying, as a poem, with "The Tempest" and "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," as an acting play it surpasses either of them and equals "Much Ado About Nothing" and "As You Like It." One minor character alone, FABIAN, is without distinction. With this exception, the slightest person in the drama lives. In all the years during which we have been seeing this play we have never seen it given with the balance, taste, and truthfulness shown in the New Theatre performance. Proportion, refinement, and quick pace were there, and reliance on the play itself, without exaggeration or insistence. So acted, the play retains in the theater the exquisiteness of the study, and gains in liveliness and variety. We have not in America a regular audience educated for this view of acting, but probably it can be formed rapidly. What our theater-goers look for now, even the quick-witted among them, is the personality or talent of one or two leading actors, whom they constantly encourage to get out of the picture. Since the Irving Place theater was at its height, there has been no place in New York where the best repertory could be seen carried out by the most intelligent method. This performance of "Twelfth Night" will not especially please those who seek in a theatrical performance aggressive personalities and overemphasized effects, but from the point of view satisfied by the best repertory theaters abroad it surpasses anything to be found in the theaters of England or America. In such a theater youth can learn to know masterpieces in their charm and depth, and later age can escape from barrenness and borrow happiness from the beautiful.

Argument With Hughes

A PRETTY QUESTION might be raised with the Governor of New York. Mr. HUGHES has been a leader of reflection and a stimulator of ideals. He has incited his compatriots to think freshly and to act with energy and purpose. Now he gives to them, as a reason for declining to serve another term, that the salary is insufficient. His protest is altogether just. It is petty for a community to expect a certain standard of living from its officials, and pay them so little that only rich men can hold the offices; the Governor has a family for whom he thinks he has not sufficiently provided; and he has already spent a considerable part of his savings in the public service. To ask more of him may sound severe, yet his own teachings lead us to ask much. Would he not be carrying out still more fully the principles which he has vitalized if he would accept another term, taking a position somewhat like this: "I can not keep up the state you ask of me, since you do not care to pay for it, but I will do the work and cut in two my cost of living. The setting of the Governor's household is unimportant in comparison to what he does and says. The Americans of to-day, especially in New York, think too much of luxury and comfort. It will be good for them, perhaps even for my family and me, to have so marked an example of simplicity in a complex era. At any rate, the private sacrifice is not terrible enough to stand in the way of an obvious public duty. I will therefore serve again." Would not such a stand be stronger than a yielding to the current so-called needs of our day, when we spend money for so many things besides those which HORACE deemed essential—a hollow tree, a crust of bread, and liberty?

Justice

IT IS DIFFICULT, when an Administration seems to lack clear purpose and backbone, for the public to avoid exaggeration in its criticisms. The appointment of LURTON is an excellent example. It is doubtful if there is a judge in the country who stands higher among those best competent to decide, yet the people are so disappointed in the Administration generally that in the appointment of Judge LURTON they could see only the slight points of possible criticism, not at all the fundamental soundness and strength. Entire fairness is seldom found upon this earth.

Current Observations

WHEN WE ARE READY, we expect to discharge some more or less serious ammunition of our own into the Land Office controversy,—that chapter in the struggle over the question whether Alaska,

with its wealth rising into billions, shall belong to the people of the United States or to a few speculative plutocrats. Until we are ready for this performance, we shall point out from time to time those aspects of the investigation which it is advisable for the people to fix in their minds.

The cross-examination of GLAVIS by BALLINGER's attorneys greatly strengthened the case against the conduct of the Land Office. It showed that GLAVIS's testimony could not be shaken; that nothing could be brought forward to excuse BALLINGER and DENNETT; and that the Land-Office crowd were in such dire straits that they would resort to incredible methods. The only time the cool youth, under the long fire, broke into any emotion was when he expressed his indignation that anybody in the Government service could stoop to so cheap a trick as to "frame up" a silly case on him by hiding papers among his effects and then discovering them; whereupon the spectators broke into applause, and Senator NELSON had to threaten to clear the room. Before this gentle trick was arranged, as Mr. GLAVIS testified, referring to one letter, "they accused Mr. BOWMAN of stealing it, and after making an affidavit that he had stolen it, I think Special Agent STONER found it among the files and told them that he had seen it, and five minutes afterward they made a search and found that letter."

Mr. VERTREES apparently did not believe Mr. GLAVIS's statement that he had nothing whatever to do with the preparation of "Achilles and His Rage," in COLLIER's for December 4, 1909, or "Can This Be Whitewashed Also?" in our issue of December 18, 1909. The statement, however, was absolutely true, like everything else the young man has said.

On September 4, 1909, BALLINGER wrote to the President:

"It had been all along the determination of myself and other officers of the department to secure the opinion of the Attorney-General construing the Act of May 28, 1908. GLAVIS is entirely in error in assuming that his conversation with the Attorney-General had any effect upon the matter being submitted to the Attorney-General. After the Cabinet meeting on May 25, I suggested to the Attorney-General the advisability of an opinion from him on the construction of the Alaska coal-land law of May 28, 1908, and I then learned, for the first time, from the Attorney-General that GLAVIS had spoken to him about the matter."

The testimony showed that both Solicitor-General HOYT and GLAVIS called on Mr. WICKERSHAM, and that therefore Mr. WICKERSHAM, unless his memory was incredibly bad, must have known, of his own personal knowledge, how misleading the Secretary's report to the President was.

The cross-examination of Mr. GLAVIS also decidedly strengthened one of the most important chains of evidence in the case—the documents relating to clear-listing, a matter not yet very lucidly put before the public. Mr. VERTREES worked hard over this, and the more he worked the clearer became the anxiety of DENNETT and BALLINGER to help along the CUNNINGHAM cases, and the public spirit of GLAVIS's insubordination. These claims at that time were under grave suspicion of fraud, and clear-listing meant, or should have meant, that searching investigation had proved that the suspicions were unfounded. The enormous value of the coal covered by these claims was enough to place the Land Office under obligation to use extraordinary care before the step of clear-listing was taken; since clear-listing is in the usual course of events immediately followed by the transfer of title from the Government to the claimant.

On June 21, 1907, Acting Commissioner DENNETT of the Land Office, in the absence of BALLINGER, wrote to Special Agent HORACE T. JONES, telling him that he had received information from citizens of Alaska to the effect that certain parties were engaged in a criminal conspiracy to acquire coal lands in the great Alaska coal fields:

"Interview all of the alleged fraudulent and dummy entrymen, and procure from them affidavits setting up the true state of affairs under which these entries were made."

DENNETT also said:

"This you will do to the exclusion of any other business, and you will confine your efforts to these cases until such time as you have thoroughly covered the whole field of investigation."

JONES immediately went to Alaska to obtain a complete list of all the coal filings in the Land Office at Juneau. He then returned to Washington State to look up the entrymen. Mr. BALLINGER spent the summer of 1907 in the West. On JONES's return BALLINGER sent for him and had conferences with him and Special Agent LOVE at BALLINGER's office in Seattle. At these conferences he directed JONES and LOVE to get only one affidavit in each group, stating that he wished

merely enough information about the claims to be able to speak intelligently before Congress, where he intended to advocate legislation favorable to the claimants. JONES wrote to GLAVIS on December 2:

"I have reiterated and protested by letter that investigation of these entries should not be stopped, and I trust that you may have the duty of carrying on the investigation to its completion, and would like to assist you in the work."

In November GLAVIS obtained from Mr. BALLINGER permission to come to Washington, where he explained the situation fully to the Commissioner. In December the CUNNINGHAM claimants, headed by ex-Governor MOORE, arrived in Washington and had private hearings with the Commissioner and his subordinates. The result was that the claims were clear-listed, against all the evidence brought forth by GLAVIS and JONES that they were fraudulent. The only pretext was a report from an agent who, as Mr. BALLINGER himself had admitted, was in no state to judge, and even this report would have aroused the suspicion of any man not working for the claimants. This step was taken before December 26, but was concealed from GLAVIS in the letter which BALLINGER wrote to him on the 28th, although GLAVIS was in charge of all the Alaska cases. Ten days later he sent him this curt notice of his decision:

"Sir—I enclose herewith for your information a list of Alaska coal entries which, upon report of Special Agent LOVE, have been clear-listed in Division P and referred to Division N for action."

This letter was in the nature of a notification to GLAVIS that he should no longer include the CUNNINGHAM group within the scope of his investigation. He telegraphed to his superior, Mr. BALLINGER, a sharp protest:

"Coal entries mentioned in your letter of January 7 should not be clear-listed. Letter follows."

This step of young GLAVIS again put a spoke in BALLINGER's plans, and the clear-listing was revoked. In the meantime the Commissioner had been carrying on a telegraphic correspondence with Agent LOVE, looking to the hurrying through of the patents. On the 4th BALLINGER wired LOVE, asking if eight claims which he had not mentioned in his report were of the same status—i.e., ready for patent as the rest were. On the 6th LOVE replied:

"Answering telegram 4th. The CUNNINGHAM coal entries same status. LOVE."

On the 7th BALLINGER telegraphed:

"Have forwarded copies plats. Survey Juneau 133 except those forwarded October 8 by local officer."

On the 11th BALLINGER again telegraphed LOVE:

"Wire action taken message 7th."

On the 11th LOVE replied:

"Plats CUNNINGHAM coal ordered 7th, mailed 8th."

It was necessary to have these plats or maps in order to obtain the patents. During this time also the patent papers were drawn in the Land Office, and every preparation was made to pass title to the CUNNINGHAMS. It is highly probable that if it had not been for the delay in receiving the plats, the claims would have gone to patent before GLAVIS knew they had been clear-listed. It was in regard to these efforts that CLARENCE CUNNINGHAM wrote as follows:

"The Commissioner has furnished me with copies of all correspondence and telegrams relating to our interests between the various special agents and also your office, so now our only delay would be occasioned by our failure to receive the plats, according to Judge BALLINGER's advice."

It was because of such complaisance in the Land Office that ex-Governor MOORE justly thought himself, as we pointed out last week, able to give orders to BALLINGER when that gentleman became Secretary of the Interior.

Two weeks ago we spoke of the HITCHCOCK domination of the Administration as being even more lamentable than the infidelity of BALLINGER and DENNETT. In connection with the letter which we printed then, read this telegram to DENNETT:

"President has increased special agent land office excepted places to ten, but desires to be consulted upon such appointments. Matter originated in this office. SCHWARTZ."

Here we have excepted from the civil service rules, and therefore prey for the politicians, ten little places out of more than 250,000 civil appointees, and the President wishes to keep track of these ten, but not to act upon them without the permission of the all-embracing HITCHCOCK, as so succinctly stated in the letter from BALLINGER to SCHWARTZ, in which he said:

"I desire that you, in making any of these appointments, in addition to the President being consulted, Postmaster-General HITCHCOCK be also consulted, provided the appointees are not directly suggested by the President."

What do civil service reformers think of this? Is it not equal to the idea of keeping the Republican Party in Missouri steady by balancing NAGEL with KERENS?

Fit Material

THE STATE OF WASHINGTON will be deciding soon who is to be its next representative in the Senate of the United States. MILES POINDEXTER, now in the House, is able, enthusiastic, fearless, independent. He is nobody's rubber stamp. He does his thinking for himself. He is honest, and no improper influence can reach him. The State of Wash-

ington, if it selects Mr. POINDEXTER, will be sending to the Upper House a man whose presence will tend to raise the civic standards of that body.

Justice to Workers

COMPENSATION ACTS FOR WORKMEN must sooner or later come in all our States. Under the present system, about one workman in ten who is injured has the legal right to a lawsuit, and if suit is brought his chance of recovery is about one in ten. The defenses set up by the employer are, under modern conditions, arbitrary and unreal. If suit is brought, it can be dragged along for several years, and the lawyers' fees and court expenses eat up half the damages. Large employers and the liability insurance companies have all the advantage in the trial of a case, because of their perfect machinery for getting evidence, their skilful lawyers, and their ability to take all appeals. In New York State this subject is being energetically pressed at present, the general feeling being in favor of an act providing for compensation equal to 56 per cent of the wage rate in case of disability, and, in case of death, for a sum equal to four years' wages. The present system does not tend to make the employer interested in preventing accidents, or in the proper care and quick recovery of the injured, any more than it tends to give real relief to employees and their families. The proposed change would produce a community of interests between the employer and the employed. It would lead toward better machinery, better care, and far more justice. It is recognized, however, on the other side, that the act should be so drawn as to prevent the encouragement of litigation by attorneys who live by collecting accident claims, and one method of accomplishing this would be a plan for the settlement, by arbitration, of practically all questions arising under the compensation act.

Cost of Living

A NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED on its front page a sensational telegram from Boston in which Professor T. N. CARVER of Harvard was quoted as predicting the early arrival of a dreadful panic. He was reported as being willing to stake his reputation on the prediction. Comments such as the following were quickly made in all parts of the United States: "Professor CARVER predicts for 1913 the worst financial panic in the country's history. Such a prophecy should be universally condemned." Knowing Professor CARVER's gentle nature, we asked him for an exact statement of what he said. He answered:

"I suppose that the sapient writer of the enclosed clipping must be referring to some remarks which I am quoted as making on the subject of the meat boycott to a student who wanted to write something for the 'Boston Traveller.' In this interview I pointed out at some length what I thought to be the chief causes of the high price of foodstuffs, and stated that I thought that these causes would continue as far into the future as we could see, at least for several decades; that, therefore, we should not have low prices again except as the result of temporary setbacks or industrial depressions; that such depressions would, in all probability, occur occasionally; that under our present way of doing business there was a tendency to overspeculate on future advances in value; that such overspeculation always tended to produce a reaction; that there were evidences at the present time of the beginning of such a speculative fever; and that, unless people were warned in time, this would run its course and produce its reaction within two or three years. I most certainly did not predict the worst panic in the history of the country nor offer to stake either reputation or money upon it. If I were able to predict panics with such accuracy as that, I could become a very rich man by operating on the Stock Exchange."

Professor CARVER's actual remarks, although less startling, seem to us nevertheless more interesting than those foisted upon him, and more worthy of careful consideration.

Talent

THE CRASS PREVARICATIONS of uninspired press agents should not blind us to the work of the truly great. A notable volume on the five-inch shelf of the literature of publicity contains the sayings and achievements of Mr. JOSEPH DONEGAN, manager of a burlesque house in Kansas City. Mr. DONEGAN, though fat, is painstaking. Above all, his brushwork is characterized by economy and application. A few weeks ago, for example, at the very moderate cost of sixty cents, he advertised for "a few policemen." They must be about five feet six inches tall and apply at Mr. DONEGAN's office between ten and eleven o'clock A. M. Nothing was said about the color of hair preferred, which illustrates the author's quiet reserve. Of course, the first person to reach the theater after the appearance of this modest announcement was a reporter. "What's the matter?" Mr. DONEGAN inquired in wide-eyed innocence. "We've got women cab drivers and women street sweepers, and hist'ry says we used to have women police. Then why can't I have 'em? They'll exercise a restraining influence over the audience and everything will move along nice and smooth. Yes?" The reporter was so impressed that he hurried away without asking why it was specified that the policemen should be "about five feet six inches tall." This Mr. DONEGAN is the tireless and painstaking workman who "went in" for politics for a year and winked mysteriously whenever he was asked the reason. At the end of that period he emerged with a permanent grin, and the City Council had passed an ordinance prohibiting smoking in any playhouse which does not have two first-floor exits upon two streets—a description which fitted Mr. DONEGAN's theater and none other. Mr. DONEGAN rarely writes a word of copy or a note to the city editor or uses the telephone. His work speaks for itself. He sits at his desk with a box of ten-cent cigars and waits for reporters.

Comment on Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE cry that this is a do-nothing Congress is not fair. True, the session began December 6 and is now in its eleventh week. True also, only one of the important bills proposed by President Taft has been seriously discussed. But there is no arbitrary date when Congress must adjourn. The session will end only when Congress itself makes up its mind to stop. It is normal for Congress to sit until late in June; it may, if it feels the demand of the country, continue in session until August or September; some sessions have lasted until October. There is yet ample time to debate adequately, and finally pass upon, the Federal Incorporation law, Taft's railroad program, and the other measures recommended by the President. Meanwhile, no person who has followed the proceedings of both Houses can fairly say that time has been wasted, or that dilatory tactics have prevailed. The House has finished its debate on the Statehood bill; the Senate has engaged in an exhaustive discussion of the difficult and complicated subject of postal savings banks. The House has given day after day to debate on the many aspects of the Appropriation bill, and any one who has followed that discussion carefully must believe that the debate has been, with negligible exceptions, sincere and useful.

Postal Savings Banks

OPPPOSITION to Senator Carter's Postal Savings Bank bill has come from widely separated sources. Many members of Congress from the East are opposed to the Government going into business in competition with the hundreds of savings banks already established. Some Western Insurgents, who ordinarily have very little in common with the Eastern standpat Republicans, favor the postal savings bank principle, but fear that the money which is deposited in Kansas post-offices may be carried away to Washington, thus decreasing the amount of currency in circulation in the Western communities. Senator Root of New York holds that if the Government accepts savings deposits, there is only one proper destination for the funds—investment in Government bonds.

The Next Tariff Revision

WHEN the Republican leaders passed the Payne Tariff bill they hoped, and expressed the conviction, that this work was finished for ten years. They know now that they were wrong. It is readily possible that the tariff may be revised again by the Congress which will be chosen at the polls the coming summer and which will have its official life from March 4, 1911, until March 4, 1913. The present Congress, of course, is heavily Republican. The figures are these:

Senate—Republicans, 58; Democrats, 34

House—Republicans, 219; Democrats, 173

A complete new House will be nominated and elected during the coming summer and fall. In these elections the Republicans may readily lose their present majority of forty-nine. A change in each of twenty-five districts would give the Democrats a working majority. There are twenty Republican members of Congress who hold their seats by majorities of less than a thousand. But statistics do not prove any more than the privately expressed judgment of Republican leaders that the next House may easily be Democratic.

In the next Senate it is substantially impossible to forecast a Democratic majority—but it is easy to conceive a tariff-revision majority. Thirty members of the present Senate end their terms with the present Congress. Of these twenty-four are Republicans and six Democrats. To give the Democrats a majority of the next Senate, twelve Republican Senatorships must be lost. This is not probable—but the Insurgent Republicans create the uncertain element. Seven Republican Senators voted against the Payne tariff, and some of the Standpat Republican Senators who end their official lives next year will undoubtedly be succeeded by insurgent Republicans who favor tariff reduction. The seven Insurgent Republican Senators who voted against the Payne tariff are Beveridge of Indiana, Dolliver and Cummins of Iowa, Clapp and Nelson of Minnesota, La Follette of Wisconsin, and Bristow of Kansas. It is fair to assume that all of these will remain in the next Congress, and that they may be helped by new Insurgent Senators in place of Burrows, Dick, and some others.

The Demand of the Country

THAT the country is dissatisfied with the Payne tariff is not now denied by even the most stubborn Republican leaders. The Chicago "Tribune," which is performing a powerful public service in giving voice to the political views of the Middle West, took a poll of newspaper editors in twenty-six Middle, Western, and Southern

States. The question asked was: "Do you endorse the Aldrich-Cannon Tariff?" The responses would convince even Heyburn or Lodge. These editors expressed their opinions thus:

In favor of the tariff 839

Against the tariff 3,463

The replies of the editors who run Republican newspapers were segregated. Their showing is more remarkable:

In favor of the tariff 812

Against the tariff 2,686

This may be taken as the index of opinion in the territory which extends from Ohio and Michigan west to the Pacific Ocean, and southward including Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, and Oklahoma. Even if the Republicans should have complete control of the next Congress, it is doubtful if they will wish to approach the Presidential election of 1912 with the people in such an obviously resentful state of mind.

"Our Rantankerous Friend"

HOW short the memory of a light-minded people. Five years ago there was a humorous phrase so often repeated that it passed into the slang of the day. Cartoons hung upon the point of it, and the comedians of the Broadway theaters made it serve their uses for a passing month. The phrase originated in a letter whose present resting-place is thus officially set forth: "Exhibit No. 411. State of New York—Legislative Insurance Investigating Committee, 1905." The letter itself we here transcribe:

"NEW YORK, DECEMBER 24, 1900.

"MY DEAR SENATOR—Our friend up the river has been very rantankerous of late, and wants to know, you know; don't care a hang, and so forth and so forth. As soon as you can definitely say, will you kindly do so?"

"Wishing you all the good things of life in this holiday season, I am as ever,
"Faithfully yours, JOHN A. NICHOLS."

"HONORABLE CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW,
"27 West 54th Street, New York."

The addressee of this letter needs no introduction to a well-read public; the writer of it is sufficiently described in Senator Depew's own words, most unwillingly dragged from him in that memorable cross-examination to which Charles E. Hughes subjected him. Again we quote from that encyclopedia of life insurance and politics:

"Q. Will you be good enough, Senator, to tell me what you know of John A. Nichols. . . .

"A. At one time he was quite active in politics, but of late years I think he has retired."

For further purposes of identification and description, to those who live beyond the Hudson River, it may be said that when one New York City politician speaks to another of "up the river," he means the meeting-place of the State Legislature at Albany.

Mr. Depew's term as United States Senator expires with the present Congress. In the quiet ways of his old political school, he is eagerly pulling the wires for reelection. Is it conceivable that he hopes he can accomplish this by stealth, without setting loose once more that public discussion of his relations with the Equitable, the Depew Improvement Company, and "our rantankerous friend"—that flame of criticism which sent him, five years ago, into several months of scared and humiliated seclusion? We should think he would prefer that a well-informed man, some three years hence, should say of him:

"At one time he was quite active in politics, but of late years I think he has retired."

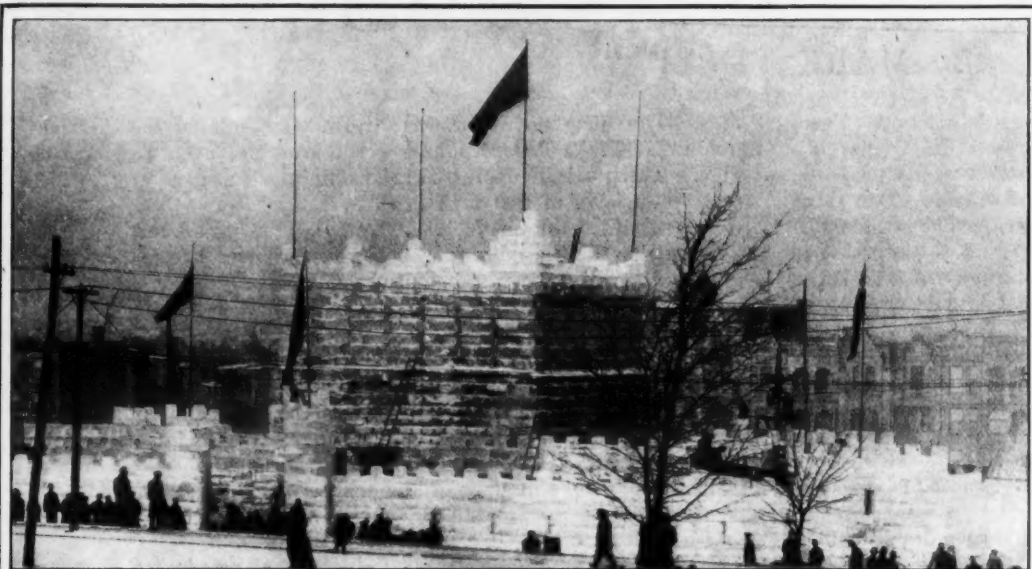
What the Republican Organization Is

HOW many more insurance investigations, how many more cases of Allds, Republican leader in the New York State Senate charged with taking a bribe to defeat a bill, how many more revelations of closed-door partnerships between tariff beneficiaries and tariff makers, how many more Sugar Trust cases, before the people will see the Republican machine as it is—the big men of business and the big men of politics organized into a freemasonry of self-interest? The simplest way to define the Insurgent movement is to say that it opposes this freemasonry.

Where the Cost of Living Does Not Pinch

FOUR New Bedford, Massachusetts, cotton and woolen manufacturing companies paid an average dividend of 34.7 per cent in 1907; and in 1908, the panic year, paid an average dividend of 25.2 per cent. These are all beneficiaries of the Payne tariff. It is safe to say that the owners of these stocks do not suffer any inconvenience from the high cost of living; the women and men who work in the mills may tell a different story. The tariff is a device for making the rich richer and the poor poorer.

What the World Is Doing:



The Montreal Ice Palace

A feature of this year's winter carnival in the Canadian metropolis was the Ice Palace, which was stormed by an army of snowshoers on February 1. The festival occupied a week, and included all forms of cold-weather diversions



The Wreck of the Paulhan Aeroplane

The French aviator who figured so picturesquely in the Los Angeles meet, while giving an exhibition at Overland Park, Denver, on February 3, crashed through a fence with his Farman biplane. He was hurled some distance from his seat, but lit in the soft snow. Several people were knocked down by the machine



A New Vocation for Women

A negress, driving a taxicab as a licensed chauffeur, has recently attracted much attention on the Paris boulevards. Being the only one of her kind in the city, her car has been kept filled with gallant Parisians

A Week of Progress

IT IS widely believed that Greece has shown a lack of her historic "nerve" in dealing with Crete. The island has long been desirous to be merged by Greece and to escape the efforts of Turkey to coerce the island into practical subjection, under the device of theoretical independence.

The immediate future of England belongs to three men—John Redmond, Lloyd-George, and Mr. Asquith. Incidentally, only one of them is an Englishman. It is expected that the Budget will be passed in its original form. Reformation of the House of Lords is more problematical. Home Rule for Ireland will prove still more puzzling to a Government composed of several warring elements, who will have to collide into harmony if a majority is to be maintained.

At Dublin on February 10 Mr. Redmond stated that if home rule was to be put aside he would fight the budget, and if it was a question of securing home rule he would accept the budget.

Not far from where the Pyramids come to a point, at Heliopolis, Egypt, Hayden Sands, American, in an Antoinette monoplane, flew three and one-half miles in 4 minutes 22 seconds on February 9.

A nationful of sleuths is busy on the cost of living. The man who is getting what we all are spending has not yet been identified. Several States and a Federal department are hot on the trail, but all suspicious parties are as yet proving an alibi.

The Senate has authorized an investigation of the cost of living by passing the Elkins-Lodge-McCumber resolution.

The National Sugar Refining Company continues to add to the conscience fund. On February 9 it paid back \$604,304 of money stolen from the United States Government in fraudulent manipulation of sugar duties. When this piece of belated conscientiousness is added to the restitution already made by the Sugar Trust and the Arbuckles we have the total sum swollen to \$3,434,304.

To Wilbur and Orville Wright, the men who fly, were given gold medals on February 10 by the Smithsonian Institution. They were honored as contributors to the science of aeronautics.

The Parliament of Federated Australia has passed a resolution that "after sixteen years' experience of woman suffrage in various parts of Australasia, and nine years' experience in the Commonwealth, the reform has justified the hopes of its supporters, and falsified all the fears and prophecies of disaster voiced by its opponents."

Peary

"HE HAS endured"—that was the nub of the tribute which Governor Hughes paid to Robert E. Peary, first and only discoverer of the North Pole. It was at New York's Metropolitan Opera House on the evening of February 8, and the audience filled the building. The meeting was a testimonial to Commander Peary for his performance in reaching the Pole. Thirty-one citizens had contributed a purse of \$10,000. This gift he turned over toward a fund for finding the South Pole.

Governor Hughes finely touched on the spiritual elements in Arctic quest—the "unconquerable ambition of manhood to achieve," "the capacity of manhood in its splendid power of endurance, in its talent for organization, in its self-control, in its ability to hold its own in a period of years to the pursuit of a goal."

He emphasized the qualities which resulted in Peary's success: "He has endured." "He planned a route." "This man has had but one idea." "He is before you to-night a devotee, a zealot."

A Franchise Grab

THE street railway and other utilities of Des Moines are making furtive but definite efforts toward the control of the council which will be elected on March 28, and which will run the city for two years. It will be the second office-holding term of government by commission. And it will be its first severe test.

The present proposition is to submit an ordinance to the people which will make a free gift of the streets to the Des Moines City Railway Company for an "indeterminate" number of years. The proposed franchise is splashed with jokers, which deserve publicity and open discussion.

Present danger to the people lies in their impatient desire to get action on the tangled street-car situation. "Give us service" is the widespread desire.

The forty-two-year franchise asked for by the street railway company in Kansas City, Missouri, offered more favorable terms to the public than that now pending in Des Moines, and yet, after a stirring campaign, Kansas City defeated the franchise

A Record of Current Events

as a rotten bargain. Public discussion convinced the people that it is unwise to give up the streets to a privately owned company for an indeterminate number of years.

Behind the proposed settlement of the traction situation, the Greater Des Moines Committee has made suggestions. The Greater Des Moines Committee, numbering twenty-nine men, exists to boost the town—to drag in factories, by urging the city to throw off the taxes on the factories for five years, to increase the population from without, to sing the name of Des Moines. It is in part, though by no means wholly, a Public Utilities Club. Clustered about the mahogany in its executive council, we find gas, water, light, and street-cars, represented as follows: Jansen Haines, manager of the Des Moines Gas Company; H. H. Polk, president of the Interurban Railway; Geo. B. Hippee, general manager of the Des Moines City Railway; Charles Denman, manager of the Des Moines Water Company; P. B. Sawyer, manager of the Edison Light Company; F. C. Hubbell, president of the Des Moines Union Railway Company.

Cheek by jowl with the utilities are the editors of the town papers. Lafayette Young, Jr., is business manager of the "Daily Capital." He is an ambitious, strong young man, probably the ablest representative of the younger generation in the city. His father's record as a journalist has often been that of a friend of special interests. Young, Jr., has the making of a national reputation. The other papers are represented by Harvey Ingham, editor of the "Register and Leader" and "Tribune," and by Mell Uhl, manager of the "Daily News." These papers are respected by the community, and Ingham is valued as one of the cleanest, most useful citizens of Des Moines.

A few of the omissions in the proposed ordinance in settling the street-car dispute which have received little public discussion, and which are at least worth noting, are:

1. The physical valuation of the plan is in the neighborhood of \$1,600,000, and yet, in addition to recognizing the bonds and the floating debt, a proposal is made to swing \$1,305,000 of common stock—to make it worth par and to charge six per cent against property on that stock. In short, \$1,600,000 worth of plant (omitting the "right-of-way" feature) is to be recognized as a \$4,500,000 property.

2. The proposed agreement by which the city is to share income with the company by the device of 55 per cent to the city and 45 per cent to the company, after the operating expenses, taxes, interest on bonds, and depreciation are deducted, does not go into effect for five years, and not a cent of the 55 per cent will reach the city if the 45 per cent of the company's share is not sufficient to raise 6 per cent interest on the watered stock. Not only that, but the deficit is accumulated deficit, so that the people's share will not begin to reach them until they have cleaned up all the back history of the company from the time the ordinance goes into effect. As a matter of fact, the 6 per cent on the \$1,305,000 of stock will more than wipe out the net earnings. The apple has no core to it for many years.

3. Under the terms of the new ordinance, the existing bondholders do not waive any of their claim, no matter what the terms of settlement. It will still be possible for them to tear open the whole situation after the city has voted this ordinance through. It should be made essential that they shall agree to abide by the terms of the ordinance before it is submitted to the voters.

A fair estimate of the present situation, for about 75 per cent of the population, is that the people would prefer the loss of \$1,000,000, \$2,000,000, or \$3,000,000 to two or three years of litigation. The fact is that the municipality in most States is not yet in a position to deal masterfully with its public utilities and is forced to compromise in a semi-bad bargain, or else suffer the penalty of having its existing administrative officers defeated at the polls. Wisconsin, fortunately, has proved that a wise solution can be made which rests on expert valuation and an enforcement of the terms laid down by a Utilities Commission based on a comparative study of expenses of maintenance, cost of operation, etc. Until commission and referendum government meets the issue squarely and powerfully, and solves the utilities tangle, it is on trial for its life.

Opportunity in Iowa

MANY of the activities of the Greater Des Moines Committee have received public endorsement, such as that very scheme, mentioned above, of permitting factories to go untaxed for five years. Public sentiment as expressed by the ballot has endorsed this device of attracting business, and the city Council in making it operative



Planting a Memorial Tree on the Lincoln Farm

A committee representing the alumnae of the Louisville, Kentucky, high school recently established a precedent at the Lincoln Birthplace Farm similar to that followed at Washington's Mount Vernon home of planting class, school, and society memorial trees. The new memorial building appears in the background.



This Uganda Cathedral is thoroughly unique in design and in phases of its construction. It was built entirely by natives under European supervision. The roof and ceiling are of yellow reeds, all sewed on separately with the bark of a tree. The walls are of brick. The auditorium has a seating capacity of three thousand. In the issue of February 19 Collier's published a page of photographs entitled "Among the Kings of Uganda," depicting Mr. Roosevelt's visit to that Protectorate. The views which are here given of St. Paul's Cathedral, Namrembe, were omitted then for lack of space, but represent one of the points inspected by Mr. Roosevelt.

St. Paul's Cathedral at Namrembe, Africa

What the World Is Doing: A Record of Current Events

has simply carried out the wishes of the public. Another of the activities of the committee which may well prove of lasting benefit to the city is their scheme of establishing six trial acres in the suburbs of Des Moines, where experienced truck gardeners will demonstrate the possibilities of the soil for capable truck farmers. One man in town, H. B. Case, beginning three years ago with four acres of land, has cleared \$1,000 an acre for each of the years. Another man took a 32-acre farm, and with his family of six persons has supported himself for seven years on the place, and has put \$18,000 improvements on the farm, and all of this money was made directly out of the land. His name is Francis Sestier. His farm is one and a half miles from the city limits, and he originally paid for his acreage from \$125 to \$175 an acre. Still another instance of successful farming on Iowa soil is that of a German, F. F. Shutter, who, on fourteen acres for fourteen years, has cleared \$145 per acre each year on onions. His farm is situated 120 miles from Des Moines. It is one purpose of the Greater Des Moines Committee to encourage and increase the number of men like these.

Alleged Bribery at Albany

THE lawmakers of New York State have been stirred by the charge that Jotham P. Allds, president *pro tem* of the Senate, accepted a bribe of \$1,000 to defeat a bill dealing with bridge construction. The trouble all began with the charge made by Senator Benn Conger that Allds in 1901 accepted the \$1,000 bribe to influence his action on the bill. Hiram G. Moe asserted, on the witness stand on February 9, that he had paid \$1,000 to Jotham P. Allds, Senate leader, \$1,000 to a member of the Assembly, and \$4,000 to another member. These two Assemblymen are dead, so their names were not demanded by the Senate investigators. According to gossip at Albany, however, there was no doubt as to their identity, and counsel for Senator Conger announced that if the names were demanded they would be given up.

If the transaction now in the limelight was only a "flea bite" compared to what went on in 1901, 1902, and 1903 in the well-shaded lobby, as has been alleged, then there will be need of diligent prying at the lid by State leaders. If the counsels of Governor Hughes prevail, there will be no whitewash and no hush tactics in the present scandal. In his Lincoln Day speech, he said: "The party can stand anything except being untrue to itself and allying itself with the evil that may be in it." Also he said: "We must saw through oak cleanly and steadily as Lincoln sawed his oak."

The two questions still to be answered are: Was there a large corruption fund raised for the purpose of altering legislation, and, if so, how widely was it scattered?

The President on Promises

TO THE Republican Club in New York on Lincoln Day, Mr. Taft made a speech on the promises of the Republican Party. He dealt with the postal savings bank, railroad regulation, Federal injunctions. To the corporations he said again that if they could not continue to do business and obey the law, then it would be so much the worse for them. It seems that a revision downward of the tariff was not specifically promised. It was unwarranted campaign gossip which made the average American citizen believe the Republican Party was pledged to a revision downward. "Nothing was expressly said in the platform that this revision was to be a downward revision."

"The implication that it was to be generally downward, however, was fairly given by the fact that those who uphold a protective tariff system defend it by the claim that after an industry has been established by shutting out foreign competition the domestic competition will lead to the reduction in price so as to make the original high tariff unnecessary."

The President stated that the increase not on articles of luxury affected but about \$300,000,000 as against decreases on about \$5,000,000,000 of consumption. Under the Payne law, 51.6 per cent of the gross imports for the last six months have been entered free, while under the four years preceding, for the same six months, the free list amounted to 45.46 per cent of the total importations.

The Responsive Subway

TO HANDLE an increased passenger traffic of 100,510,514 persons in three years, the Interborough Rapid Transit Company in New York City added twenty-seven cars to the subway service. This is at least a partial explanation of why there is an effect of overcrowding in the subway. From June 30, 1906, to June 30, 1909, the passenger traffic

has leaped from 137,919,632 to 238,143,146. That is a gain of almost one hundred per cent. In 1906, 796 cars were available in the subway. In 1909 and even in 1910, 823 cars were available. Of those available, the actual average number in operation in 1909 were 776.

The improvements made by the Interborough were under compulsion of the Public Service Commission. Such were the 250 side-door cars, the speed-control system, the lengthening of the station platforms.

Farm Openings

THERE are chances in agriculture in the Middle West. A young man studying agriculture for four years in the practical next-to-the-soil courses of one of the State universities would be sure of his life work, and on graduation would step



Jotham P. Allds

This is the New York Senate leader whom Senator Conger and H. G. Moe charge with taking a bribe of \$1,000 in a bridge deal during the year 1901

out into a job. That is more than the average graduate of an Eastern college can do in the overcrowded Atlantic Coast cities. The dean of Wisconsin's State university received by mail the other day—a typical day—a request to fill three positions, and he was unable to do so because none of his pupils were at that time in shape to take the jobs. The first was \$1,000 a year for an assistant in dairying; the second was \$1,200 a year for an assistant in agronomy; the third was \$1,800 for an assistant professor in agronomy. Last year there were \$50,000 worth of positions which he was unable to supply. These were college positions. There were also something over 100 farm positions as wage-earners, whose total value was \$30,000 in salaries.

Town Meetings Revived in Boston

A MOST novel and decidedly interesting and valuable policy was inaugurated by Mayor John F. Fitzgerald of Boston within a few days after his installation. It was the holding of town meetings in eight sections of the city for the purpose of hearing the wants of those neighborhoods. This plan was adopted for the reason that the new city charter provides that the Mayor and Council shall make out the general appropriations for municipal improvements within thirty days after their inauguration. To get what each ward wanted the Mayor and Council went to these places and heard the citizens. Every one of these meetings was well attended and full of business. It was in striking contrast to the meetings which the Mayor had held in the same halls only a few weeks before. Then he was pleading for the votes of the people and denouncing his opponents. Then there was much enthusiasm and red fire. Now, the Mayor walked upon the platform accompanied by his nine Councilmen, seven of whom had voted for his opponent, and there was little more than cordial applause. There was an air of business, not play. The Mayor himself was brief and businesslike in his utterances.

"We came here," he began, "to listen to the wants

of this neighborhood. You know the provisions of the charter and the necessity of care but haste in these appropriations. In order to expedite business, we shall hear representatives of regular organizations first and then individuals. Gentlemen will be brief and rapid, and will please confine themselves strictly to the points they wish to make." That was about all he said. Then the flood-gates were opened and the old days of town meetings came again. The town clown and the town bore were there and the crowds alternately roared and yawned. But most of the speeches were just what the Mayor asked for—quiet, quick, and businesslike statements of needs and the money necessary to accomplish them. One element which makes town meetings so amusing was lacking. There was no strife. No representatives of one improvement association asserted that the other concerns were rogues. All these differences had been fused together under the loving charm of neighborhood emulation and local patriotism. At times the Mayor would interrupt to ask a question, occasionally he would pencil a memorandum on the paper before him, and behind him the members of the City Council listened intently. On one occasion two of them looked at an atlas together, trying to trace out the direction of a street in Dorchester which "ought" to be opened; these two were the Harvard and Back Bay member, and the Roxbury member, who was loathed by the Back Bay because he had served a jail sentence for fraud in a civil service examination. Personal differences were thus fused together, it seemed.

The scheme has been so far a splendid success and very creditable to its originators. Much time has been saved, the various local demands have been documented and put on record, and the Mayor and Council have these now before them in a concrete, definite form, obviating the terrible strain of personal interviews at the City Hall and the pull and haul of such encounters, with their chances and suspicion of graft and undue influences.

Naturally, no ward will get all it wants. The total amount at the disposal of the Council is about \$2,000,000. Almost every one of the places visited has asked nearly that sum. Each region has particular and peculiar needs, but all united in the proverbial demand for better transportation facilities. While many steam trains run to stations in the city, the vast majority of Boston people are carried home in the street-cars, and that service is still everywhere inadequate at the going home time. All the harbor districts want harbor improvement, although they know that the nation, and not the city, must attend to that, and they seek some sort of cooperation between city and nation. South Boston wants a tunnel to the City Hall. East Boston already has one tunnel and would like another and better ferry accommodations. Dorchester, a territorially large and a rapidly growing residential section, where the great common people, including the Mayor, live, seeks street widening, better streets, more "accepted" and opened streets, and so it goes. Plenty of freak schemes are presented at which the Mayor must and does keep a straight face.

But above and beyond all other desires has been the demand for education and recreation. It is most clear that the youth are demanding most from the modern city to-day. Every ward of Boston has asked for more and better schoolhouses or schoolhouse equipment, or more playgrounds, more parks, more outside gymnasias, and more bath-houses. Even Dorchester Lower Mills, way out in the country, over an hour's ride from City Hall, asked for more parks and playgrounds, although not far from the great Franklin Park. The appetite of the boys and girls for schooling and the enjoyment and play that go with it has caused increases in municipal expenses far in excess of the increase of fire, police, and street appropriations.

It is only fair to the new administration to say that it has begun with a lively and straightforward spirit. The feeling in the various departments at City Hall is much better than it has been. Whether the Fitzgerald administration, whose success the best elements in Boston mourned as a deadly disgrace to the city, has really determined to attempt to achieve real benefits to Boston or not, the start has been auspicious.

One circumstance is distinctly in its favor. The charter provides that no place can be filled except from the lists submitted by the State Civil Service Commission, and the path to the State House is black with thousands of applicants for jobs. The other good sign is this step of going out to meet the people and find out what they want. It is now said that this feature will be persisted in on other occasions. If the people continue to be interested and responsive, this may become a real and successful form of referendum.



With her slender fingers she pinched the strings into little fusillades of puerile sound

BANJO NELL

The Little Melody-Maker Who Sailed Away to Her Fate in the Tropical Islands

By JAMES HOPPER

BEING only of the civil service, we had been assigned, by the fat Q. M. captain, to a darkish, dirtyish cabin between decks; and hence were irreverent of the beings of the roomy, enameled quarters above. So we dubbed her "Banjo Nell" almost as she placed her little buckled shoe upon the polished planks of the white army transport. The naming, it must be said, called for no violent effort of the imagination; she glided toward the cabin, along the dazzling deck, accompanied by no baggage we could discern except a box, shaped like a doll's coffin, which she held affectionately against her heart, and which gave out, when accidentally struck against a brass railing, a muffled and yet resonant note that shuddered a moment like a plaint.

She was young and slender and very light; her dress was a pastelle blue, her hat a pastelle pink, and both dress and hat somehow gave an impression of being extraordinarily beribboned, though when you analyzed the impression, you found it based on very little fact. In the same manner, her entire personality, through no cause you could immediately discern, exhaled a whirring, indefatigable and gentle turbulence. She moved with a sound of wings, little golden wisps of hair snapped mutinously beneath the wide halo of her millinery; she seemed all a-flutter. "A fluffy young miss," said one of us, observing her with uptilted nose. "A flirty little devil, I bet!" said Hart. But Strang, the severe man of our trio, said nothing at all. His forehead was puckered in disapprobation; but in his eyes, as they followed her, there was a puzzling light.

The interest thus awakened in us, she was to hold for the whole of the thirty days' seaway to the Philippines. We were (being civilians and below decks) a cynical trio (or tried to be), and observed critically, and with some malevolence, the doings of the upper deck. We watched officers too palpably from West Point and officers too palpably trying to be from West Point; nice army ladies, and army ladies very much painted; but it was Banjo Nell who from the first held our steadfast attention. From the first, it must be added, she justified her name and flattered our perspicacity. For, after a six days' wallowing in cold yellow curlers, no sooner had the ship, blossoming out in sail-tents, white uni-

forms, and diaphanous gowns, slid out upon the lacquered calm of the tropic sea, than it began to vibrate from end to end with the indefatigable tinkle of her banjo and the ripple of her mirth.

She sat up there in a long white chair set upon the white deck, her gown a touch of color in the circle of white uniforms; and, her feet drawn up in the attitude of a child eating something good, her head inclined like a bird's, with her slender fingers she pinched the strings into little fusillades of puerile sound. The big ship slid onward gravely, with a deaf and absorbed air, and incessantly the tinkling notes, released in handfuls, flew over the bulwarks to strew like flights of impalpable butterflies the impassive sea. Sometimes she sang as she strummed—light songs that fluttered like ribbons; and then again she led from bowsprit to taffrail, along decks, passages, down companion-ways, bands of youths that passed like idiotic hurricanes. But always she tinkled, sang, or fluttered; never was she silent, never was she still; and always there emanated from her a sort of turbulent and empty joy—which had the faculty of making us sad.

Of making Strang sad. He would watch her, his face scowling with disapprobation, his nerves visibly on edge. "Damn little fool!" he would growl finally, turning his back and lighting his pipe. But his pipe refused to stay lit and his back to stay turned; again he would be watching her, above there on the white deck, and always his observation ended with the same verdict: "Damn little fool!"

THE ship slid on; day after day, week after week it seemed, we passed along a lacquered sea bluer than the sky, bluer than any sky. The ship hissed gently; from its bow two thin emerald lines spread, curling transparently and tipped with foam; two diverging lines like a flight of swallows upon a sky, a flight of white swallows upon a sky bluer than the sky. Upon the immensity of the sea there was no other movement, not a ripple, not a shiver; and upon the immensity of the sky not a cloud, not a haze, not a fleck.

"Damn little fool!" growled Strang, watching.

"Look at her; look at those men! Oh, h—, look at that toad of a Q. M.!"

It was true that the men of the upper deck were always about her, like bees about honey; and that in her conduct she was of an ingenuous familiarity that tormented us secretly. And true that the quartermaster captain (who had assigned us between decks) was bending over her, his shining face too close to hers. "I'd like to choke his fat neck!" growled Strang—and shut himself up in the cabin, where the temperature was at least one hundred and ten.

AND then at the beginning of the third week, with sea-hue unchanged, beneath a turquoise sky, we struck suddenly a large and mysterious cross-swell in which the ship rolled scandalously. And in the afternoon we were startled from the torpor of the siesta by a great crashing of glass, a scream, and laughter overhead. Turning our eyes up there, we saw our heroine, balancing with one hand upon the knob of her cabin door, which, open, was swinging to and fro. At her feet a rotund bottle, shattered at the neck, rolled in and out of the scupper with an air of moral abandon, and in her free hand she held up high a cup of golden wine. She raised the glass above her head, brought it back to her lips, tipped it, and then flung it far between two long waves which closed like a trap over its fugitive glitter. A babel of male voices rose in applause.

"The tropics!" said Strang sententiously. He looked appalled. "The tropics. She's gone, the little fool!"

"Look here," Hart remonstrated; "a glass of champagne isn't the end of the world."

But Strang turned upon him viciously. "I tell you she's gone!" he repeated in a tone brooking no denial.

We laughed at him, but felt a hidden torment. And then, the following night, we were astounded to see him with her at the taffrail.

The sun was setting, and the ship which, as suddenly as it had entered it, had left the disturbed area and again slid upon a polished sea, was hissing gently, like some antediluvian reptile homeward bound, toward a cavern of molten gold flamingly open in the west. They stood at the taffrail, beneath a flag which at rare intervals snapped lightly; the

light was upon them, and they were beautiful, he so large and square and strong, she so slender, so fluent, and so light. By the movement of their lips you could see they were speaking, speaking in brief sentences cut by long silences; and they stood a bit apart, gazing straight ahead, never gazing at each other. In the slight bend of his body there was solicitude; and she leaned back against the rail, still with a stillness contrasting strangely with her usual turbulence, her arms flowing loose along her relaxed form in an attitude that held weariness and peace.

And thus we were to see them every evening after that. All day she tinkled, laughed, and fluttered, and then at sunset for a time stood with him at the taffrail, very still. He leaned slightly above her; she drooped against the rail, and they spoke, looking straight ahead, in short sentences and long silences. Above them the flag snapped gently; the light was upon their faces. The moment held a peace, a large unruffled calm; it had a taste, almost, of prayer.

Then he would tumble back to us and growl his disapprobation, his irritation—the irritation of the idealist who, seeking too much, finds nothing. Also, I suppose, he felt the need of justifying himself toward us; he had something of the mental attitude of the callow youth who "hates girls" and yet surreptitiously takes them home from school.

"I am trying to find out what she is," he would growl, "and I can't. There's nothing there—nothing. Only evasion—unconsciousness—vacuum."

"Seems interesting, anyway," one of us would say.

"Yes; try, try again," chimed Hart.

He would turn his back upon us, absolutely furious, but it would not be long before he would be speaking again, evidently more to satisfy himself than to satisfy us, in a sort of soliloquy that yet sought approbation—or contradiction.

"I couldn't even tell whether she is bad or she is good. She may be the one—and so much so that she doesn't know it—or else the other—and then to an absurd degree of innocence. She doesn't seem to see that those men—"

Here we usually deserted him, half laughing, half indignant, a bit outraged at his want of delicacy, resentful of this spirit of analysis which threatened surface blooms satisfactory to us. He had something of the make-up of a priest of the Inquisition—the cruelty of the idealist maddened by the realities.

MEANTIME the voyage was continuing as before—a polished sea, a pellucid sky, banjo strummings all day, the short moment of peace at the sunset hour, at the taffrail, beneath the whispering flag, and one evening he seemed to arrive at last to a conclusion.

"There's nothing there," he said, as if relieved. "Banjo tinkle, flutter of ribbon—nothing else. She's a bubble, just a bubble. A bubble—" he stopped, his eyes staring upward. "A bubble—of joy," he resumed; "a joy-bubble. Banjo Nell," he said slowly; "Banjo Nell, the joy-bubble!"

After which he seemed satisfied, and for several days said nothing more of her. But the joy-bubble

now, perversely enough, began to give out solid facts. "She's going to be married," was the news he brought down from a new interview; "she's going to the P. I.'s to be married!"

"Good for Banjo Nell!" said Hart maliciously.

"To marry a missionary!" Strang went on.

"Surprising, but laudable," said Hart.

STRANG was silent a while, trying to smile, but evidently irritated.

"It beats h—," he began again slowly; "it beats h— how girls marry! I've known several now—and it always appalls me—their unconsciousness, their supreme unconsciousness of what they are doing. They say: 'I'm going to be married'—just like that, just like 'I'm going to drink a glass of water,' except that they have a bit more realization of the importance of the drink of water. They have no imagination; they don't visualize; they don't see what they are doing; and they don't bother to see. Never do they seem to have the slightest idea of *why* they marry. It isn't love; it isn't for support; it isn't to get a new hat—they don't think even that far. It's for nothing at all; they can't give you a single plausible reason. They just marry, that's all; it's a habit, a racial habit. Their mother did it, their mother's mother, their grandmother's mother, back *ad infinitum*. And so, they do it. It's appalling."

"I hope," said Hart, "that you didn't ask *her* why she is marrying!"

Strang was uncomfortably silent a moment. Then, "I did!" he flashed out defiantly. "I wanted to find out. And *her* reason is—that she's engaged to him! 'I'm engaged to him,' she says—and that's all!"

"Not such a bad reason," ventured Hart.

"Humph!" growled Strang. "They're from the same part of the country—the Middle West. Went to school together. He asked her two years ago. She said yes, of course. Because it was easier than to say no, I suppose. Then he went off. She hasn't seen him for three years, and now she's going to him. He has 'sent for her'! She speaks of him in the vaguest fashion; I'll wager she couldn't describe the color of his eyes—whether they're blue or black. But she's engaged—that seems all-sufficient. 'But I'm engaged,' she says. Oh, h—!"

"Well, we'd better let her be," said Hart. "Don't monkey with 'racial habits,' I say."

But Strang continued. Every evening he climbed to the white deck and spent a half-hour with her, their conversation, as far as we could see, more and more earnest, though never did she alter her posture of slight weariness, of momentary surrender, so different from her usual whirling agitation. The rest of the time she fluttered and tinkled. She had learned to know Hart and me, and sometimes in the midst of her play

stopped to throw down to us, from the top of the companion-way, an amiable nod. But little by little, as we approached her destination (she was to be let off at Aparri, on the north coast of Luzon), we fancied that we discovered in her a change—sudden moments of immobility in the midst of play, like those of a bird which has heard a footstep, or which has seen, crawling upon the sand, the shadow of an approaching hand; these followed always by a new burst of febrile turbulence.

"Seems to me the joy-bubble has to work at it," Hart remarked.

The ship was approaching the Luzon coast. The night before, Strang came down looking weary and discouraged.

"I tried to make her wait—about that marriage," he announced belligerently.

"You're a sentimentalist and a—and a fool!" said Hart.

"I'm not," said Strang. "It's a crime. She doesn't love him; she doesn't *know* him. I keep asking her *why* she marries—and the only reason is that she is engaged—that's the end of it—that she mustn't break her promise. That's her only reason. It's a crime."

To this we had nothing to say.

"She's stubborn, too," Strang went on. "With that terrible stubbornness of the gentle, of the one who does not know. She is going to do it, all right!"

"But, good Lord, why shouldn't she?" broke in Hart, exasperated; "why shouldn't she? It's her affair, not yours, Strang; hers alone. And perhaps there is nothing else for her to do! What would you have her do, Strang—teach school? The joy-bubble teach school! What else have you to offer her, Strang, what else?"

But at this question Strang said not another word.

THE next morning we were awakened by the repeated and repeated blowing of the siren; springing from our bunks, we found the ship motionless, and, hurrying on deck, we saw land.

It was a little after the dawn, a slight breeze was passing in iridescent shivers over the motionless sea, and before us, no more than a mile away, was the land—a low coast, furry with a gray and musty vegetation. It stretched to the right and the left, in immense monotony to hazy disappearances, and seemed deserted; but after a while we saw, on a point, by a river's breaking bar, a clump of plummy coconuts, within which a tin roof glittered. The sun, slanting along the sea, struck the top of the jungle, of the palms, to a rosy halo; it beat upon the



Before we could move he had leaped the intervening space and was at the other's throat.

land, which smoked to the rays and seemed heavily asleep. The ship bellowed; heaving ever so slowly athwart the oily swell, it poured forth an incessant, sad, and clamorous note, and to the call the land, though no movement was visible, seemed to stir vaguely as if in a dream. Suddenly, clear and bright, a flag shot up a long mast above the tin roof; and after a moment of great calm and silence, during which we heard loudly the splash of ripples along the flanks, we saw a launch gliding down the invisible river behind the palms, as if gliding upon land. It doubled the point, clearly upon water now, danced extravagantly for a moment in the breakers of the bar, then came steaming toward us very fast. It struck against the lowered ladder, and, looking down into its hollow, we saw the bronze torsos of the native crew, and then, detaching himself from them and mounting the ladder, the Man, the Bridegroom.

HE CAME up rapidly, and was soon on deck, near us; and right away, I must say, I took a prodigious dislike to him. In the first place, he was dressed in black, from head to foot in black; and to dress in black in the tropics argues certainly a curious malevolence. Then he wore whiskers. They were not the long, flowing whiskers which can come of modesty, of a complete indifference to personal appearance. They were short whiskers, clipped off snappily at the hinges of the jaws, the rest of the cheek, the chin, and the lips being shaven clean—an aggressive arrangement that, demanding close

care, a perverse solicitude. The fruit of a sort of upside-down vanity differing absolutely from the spirit of passive hirsuteness. Bespeaking a somber ill-will, a set determination to be singular, to affront the sun, the flowers, the birds, all the joys and beauties of the world. I hated those whiskers! Outside of that, I had to admit it, he was not so bad—tall and spare, with brown eyes, rather nice, though set a bit too close. And he loved her—you could see that! His hands trembled. He stepped toward her and kissed her chastely on the brow, rigid as a somnambulist, and then suddenly, in spite of himself, his two trembling hands went up. They went up, grasped her two elbows, and pressed them tight against her sides, tight! The movement, so irresistible within its tense repression, was almost terrible. Her face, turned upward toward his, blanched a bit. It was all over in a moment, though. The baggage already was being dropped into the launch. He placed his right hand against her back, and with one swift look at us, about him, he had whisked her off with a gentle but steady push of that big brown hand, toward the ladder. Poor little Nell! If she had had doubts, if for an instant she had held the slightest vestige of an idea of discussing her fate, of drawing back, of hesitating, she certainly was given no chance. One, two, three—and she was at the ladder. One, two, three—and she was at the bottom of it. One, two, three, she was in the stern-sheets of the launch. The banjo, deposited at her feet, gave one muffled, lamentable note—and one,

two, three, the launch was streaming away from us, across the silken sea, toward the sodden land. A quarter of the way over she threw us one last gesture, a wave of her kerchief which held a bit of her old careless gaiety, which we answered with flapping hats, all of us, lined up there along the bulwarks, quartermaster, officers, between-deck dissidents, for the moment a fraternity, our heads in a row like those of dolls waiting to be knocked down by a ball. But the gesture was not repeated. He must have engaged her right away in serious conversation; he may have protested; anyway, there was nothing more. We watched the launch stream away, plunge perilously across the bar, veer, slide, as if on land, behind the trees, disappear; there was nothing more, not a sign, not a flutter. We felt as if suddenly some big whirlpool had sucked the joy-bubble from our sight, from our lives.

WITHIN twenty-four hours the big white ship was at anchor in Manila Bay; and a few days later we were again at our respective routines, the three of us, and had reorganized our mess in an old house by a breach of the city walls, through which we caught the shifting waters of the bay. The memories of the voyage began to fade—as fade memories of all voyages. But still, once in a while, we heard of Banjo Nell. We knew that she had been married that same evening of her landing in Aparri, and that her missionary husband had taken her inland, to a little pueblo from which radi-

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THE BEST FRIEND

The Role Which Was Cast for the Hotel Guest, and the Part He Finally Played

By ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

AT HALF-PAST four o'clock the Junction was about to undergo its brief daily stir of life. The smoke from the locomotive on the branch road was to be seen ascending from beyond the sand-hills of the desert; in another moment the train would emerge. The station agent appeared on the platform; a hundred yards away, on the hotel veranda, stood Carrick, the hotel-keeper, his daughter Caroline, and the Chinese boy who helped in the kitchen.

From the train, when it had pulled in, alighted some thirty persons, mostly men. They took their way across the glaring, sandy stretch to the hotel.

They were dusty and tanned, they wore felt hats and soft shirts; they were just such people as Carrick's daughter had been accustomed to welcome every day at this hour and to bid farewell to the next morning. She looked at them without interest and without animosity. Her father, who was still new to the duties of host, greeted them with nervous hospitality. "This way, gentlemen; this way, please," and with a little cough, which was weary rather than important, he went inside and, standing behind his desk, pushed forward the hotel register.

HIS daughter Caroline stood by with the keys and assigned the guests to their rooms. She was tall and slender, young and picturesque, in her felt hat and khaki skirt with the Mexican red sash. One of the men stood by the door watching her while she dealt out the keys. She turned to him at last.

"Here's yours," she said. "Eighteen is the last room on the right—through that door."

The man looked at her oddly and seemed in no haste to take the key. Caroline narrowed her eyes; his look disquieted and displeased her. Yet the man was handsome—tall, lithe, with black hair, straight and unstreaked by gray, long black eyelashes and a straight black mustache; his nose, his mouth, his chin were of a fineness rather remarkable in that region. As he walked away Caroline watched him with a certain admiration for his bearing and figure; she turned to the register and read his name—David Temple. Then he passed out of her mind. She had her tasks in the kitchen and dining-room, and did not see him again until supper.

He sat facing her at the table, and he looked at her somewhat wistfully. But only half an hour before, the train from Los Angeles had brought her a letter which had rendered her unconscious of observers, pleasantly preoccupied. The happy light in her eyes, the quiet contentment of her lips, which intimated now and then abstractedly the beginnings of a dreamy smile, made her still more charming to the man.

The flies thrummed on the window-screens, the unshaded kerosene lamps glowed hot from their brackets against the brown pine walls, the old-fashioned fly-fans rotated lumberingly above the long tables. Most of the men had taken off their coats and hung them over the backs of their chairs; they sat in

their shirt-sleeves with colored garters about their arms; most of them had their napkins tucked in at their necks and utilized them at intervals to mop their perspiring faces.

On all sides talk was of the Valley, from which the men had come—sanguine talk about its wonderful fertility, its crops. What one man had made in onions, another in asparagus, a third in cantaloupes; what land would be selling for in two or three years when its adaptability for oranges had been fully demonstrated—these were themes discussed in eager voices. It was the sort of talk, the same excited, confident, prophetic talk which Caroline had heard daily for six months; every one who passed through the Junction seemed to have perfect assurance that wealth was ahead of him. For the first month it had interested and amused Caroline, then it had embittered her. She and her father had no bright prospects in this new country.

After supper she seated herself at the writing-table in the office and proceeded to answer the letter which the afternoon train had brought. The travelers, who preserved their farm habits, came in early from the porch and passed through on their way to bed. Only David Temple sat in the room and read a newspaper. Carrick himself lay in his hammock at the end of the veranda, coughing querulously from time to time.

Caroline finished her letter and dropped it in the mail-bag by the door. When she turned she was aware that for some time Temple's eyes had been upon her.

He rose from his chair. "It's nearly a year since I was last out," he said. "You weren't here then."

"No. We came six months ago."

"Lonely place for a girl."

If he was undertaking to be compassionate she resented it.

"I like it best when it's lonely," she said.

Temple's eyes twinkled. "There's a full moon tonight," he observed. "It hasn't come up yet. Don't you want to sit on the porch with me and watch it rise?"

SHE looked at him doubtfully. Then in spite of her resentment, in spite, too, of the letter which she had just answered, the twinkle in his eyes and the charm of his slow, gentle voice prevailed. And, having yielded so far, and sitting on the veranda by his side, she was induced to show some interest in the guest.

"You live in the Valley, I suppose," she said.

"Yes. I'm out for a vacation. I sold a dozen carloads of hogs last week, and my place can do without me now for a while."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. I got to dreaming about the big city—electric lights, crowds on the sidewalk, automobiles, theaters, cafés where there's real food—I thought I might even make for San Francisco."

"I never was in the Valley but once," said Caroline. "I thought it was pretty and green—all the nice smooth alfalfa fields, and the horses in the pastures, and the cows. Not like this desert a bit. I hate it here."

"The Valley was like this when I first went to it," replied Temple. "Maybe they'll get irrigation over here some time. Then you'll like it better."

"I don't mean to wait for that. I shan't stay here much longer."

HE LOOKED at her curiously, and she expected him to follow up her statement with some questioning. It piqued her when he said: "Well, there are no more wonderful nights anywhere than here. If you have stars every night you don't so much need people."

"Yes, the stars are a comfort," she acquiesced; but whereas she had a moment before resented compassion in his tone, she now was hurt by the lack of it. She could not refrain from adding: "Just the same, a person must have people. I see enough of men—too much—but girls!"

"They are quite a luxury down here," admitted Temple. "That's one reason why I wanted to take a holiday and go off. I hoped I might see some girls. I hadn't expected to succeed so soon.—Tell me, why did you stop here? Why didn't you come down into the Valley?"

"We hadn't any choice about it. My father had come to Los Angeles for his health. He was an accountant; a friend of his got him a place in a railway office. But he couldn't stand the work or the climate; the doctor told him he ought to go to a drier place and recommended the desert. Well, even on the desert it costs something to live, and it's not easy to find an occupation. The railway owns this hotel, and I guess nobody wants to stay here long. Anyway, my father was offered the place. We were glad enough, and we came. We neither of us knew much about keeping a hotel. I've done the best I could."

"It's a pity that you couldn't have come down into the Valley. The climate is just as dry and the surroundings there would have contented you and him better."

"At one time we should have liked it if there had been any opportunity. But just now we have something else in view."

"Something that will take you away from here?"

"Yes."

She volunteered nothing further. Temple waited a moment and then said:

"Well, if your father ever should think of coming to the Valley, I might help him. I have something to do with the Valley Bank, and if he's an accountant, I might find a place for him."

"That's kind of you. Perhaps this other thing—perhaps anyway—" She stopped, seeming confused.

"I'll find out when I go back to the Valley," he assured her. "It's not so bad down there. Eight months in the year the climate is fine. It's a pic-

turesque spot, for anybody that likes outdoor life. And the quality of the society is improving and will go on improving. If one is reasonably prosperous, so that one can get away for three or four months every year—why, I think it's a pretty good place to have as one's home."

"I should think so," assented Caroline without enthusiasm. "Better anyhow than this." She rose. "My duties begin pretty early in the morning, so I'll say good night. I suppose you know the Los Angeles train leaves here at nine o'clock."

"As soon as I get the rooms made up, I will see that you are moved," she said, and went away.

Temple sat on the veranda and smoked, and expected that Carrick would come to him. But the old man ambled over to the station and presently returned with a bundle of newspapers and letters. With these he retired to the farther corner of the veranda, and soon was immersed in the newspapers, oblivious alike of his guest and of all the immediate world of sand, heat, and desolation. Temple watched him with amused and sympathetic eyes.

"Next week. I'm going to be married and live in Los Angeles."

Temple looked at her in silence. His expression was unmoved, but he felt choked and stung and savage. He mastered himself and said quietly:

"Who is the man?"

The directness and the quiet of the question were an open acknowledgment of what she already knew. She answered with constraint:

"His name is John Gunter. I knew him when we lived in Los Angeles. He lived at the same board-



Caroline, who had been very pale, suddenly flushed crimson—"I must have a talk with you, John," she said, "all alone"

"I know," said Temple. "I'll be up in time."

The next morning Temple finished his breakfast before any of the other guests. When he went into the office Caroline was there, making out the accounts. He strolled over to the station; it was half an hour before the train was due. He picked out his trunk, loaded it on a truck which he borrowed from the station agent, and trundled it to the hotel.

WHEN he entered the office, trundling his trunk before him, Caroline looked up, startled; she flushed and dropped her eyes. Temple wheeled the trunk down the corridor to his room.

Afterward, while the guests of the hotel were assembling in the office and settling their accounts, Temple sat on the veranda. From that position he watched the departure of the travelers. When they had all gathered on the platform of the station and the train was coming in, Carrick approached Temple.

"Train stops only a minute," he warned him. "So you'd better be moving over."

"I'm not going on this train," Temple replied. "I like it here. Guess I'll stay a while."

Carrick looked surprised, but his instinct of hospitality overcame his wonder. "I'm glad to hear it," he said. "But you'll tire of it soon." A few minutes later, after the train had pulled out, Temple saw him consulting his daughter in the office. Presently out came Caroline.

"My father thinks that we can give you a better room—one that is larger and cooler," she said. Of course if we had realized when you arrived that you meant to stay longer than the others, we should have assigned it to you."

"I didn't mean to stay longer then," replied Temple. "The fancy just took me."

He looked at her with inviting, dancing eyes; he was in high spirits. But she responded with no smile; her gray eyes were shadowed and troubled.

"Busted old duck," ran his inward commentary. "Not a thing to interest him but his habits and his newspapers—not even the stranger on his porch!"

Temple remembered after a while that he had a book in his trunk and went for it. As he passed along the corridor he saw Caroline in one of the rooms making the bed. He stopped in the doorway and said:

"I've kept house all by myself at various times. Let me fix up a few of the rooms. Where do I get the clean sheets?"

"I've done everything; I'm just finishing."

"To-morrow I'll do my share. I can't sit round here idle."

"I know you can't; you won't be here to-morrow."

"What makes you think that?"

"Oh, I just think it. There's nothing here to hold you—or interest you—or attract you."

"That's what everybody thinks who's become bored by a place."

"You will find it out very soon. To-day." She spoke with a certain depressing and ominous finality. "Now I have things to do in the kitchen. You couldn't be of any help there—only in the way."

"Are you going to be busy all the time?"

"No. I'm hurrying with my work—so that I can talk with you."

"Oh," said Temple, "good for you!" and he passed on to his room, trying to feel pleased, but somehow not succeeding, for the flattery of her remark had been annulled by the gravity of her face.

HE HAD been reading on the veranda for half an hour when she came to him. At the other end her father was still poring over his newspapers.

"I wonder how he'll run the hotel for the week after I'm gone!" she said. "He'll have a week of it all by himself before the new manager comes."

"You're going away soon?"

ing-house with us. He is in the real estate business. I—I don't know—what else shall I tell you?"

She raised her eyes appealingly, and the look in them made his pain more poignant, for it made his love greater and more a thing of the spirit.

"I guess there's nothing else," he said. "There's nothing but for me to wish you happiness."

"I suppose I should have told you last night," she exclaimed. "I did love talking with you—and I thought maybe if you knew about me you wouldn't take any interest in talking to me."

TEMPLE smiled and then his eyes grew grave. "It's queer you should have loved talking to me if your mind was filled with thoughts of another man."

"I know it's queer," she acknowledged. "I don't understand myself sometimes. There's nobody that I could ever love the way I do John. But somehow now and then it's good to talk with people—and I just felt it was good to talk with you. In a way I wanted to talk with you about John—and yet I didn't, because I felt that the moment you knew about him you wouldn't take an interest any more."

"I guess you're just a complete little woman," sighed Temple.

"I'd like—I wish I dared to ask you something," said Caroline.

"Please do."

"I'd like you to be my best friend. I've been so lonely here. I haven't any friends within miles! And you like to have friends near when you're happy, as much as when you're sad, don't you?"

"I can imagine it."

"You came just when I was in a lonely mood; you talked to me and were nice; I liked you. I wished right off that I could have just such a man as you for my best friend. I do wish you might be that."

"As we're not likely ever to meet again, that would be difficult," remarked Temple, unenthusiastically.

"Still, while I'm here—if there's any part for a best friend, I'd be glad to fill it temporarily."

"Somehow that isn't a bit a friendly way of talking."

"Well—tell me what a best friend can do."

She hesitated and then said: "I wish that you'd just happen to be coming back here a week from tomorrow."

"Why?"

"Because that's the day I'm to be married. And I'd like to feel that my best friend was at my wedding."

"If you want me to be there, I'll come."

"Oh, no," she cried immediately, "I wouldn't think of letting you. It would be breaking up your vacation, spoiling it right in the middle. I couldn't be so selfish."

"If you like to have me here, I'll do what I decided last night to do. I'll stay on; if you want me, I'll stay for the wedding."

"You really want to stay?"

"Yes."

"Then I wasn't mistaken; I did feel so sure that you could be my best friend! And, oh," she carolled on in a gay little rippling voice that caught his heart up and caressed it, "you'll be one that won't just forget and be forgotten. You and I can come to know each other so well in a week here! And staying for the wedding, you'll come to know John—and that will make it so much surer—our friendship! You'll be his friend as well as mine; you'll come and visit us some time when we have a house with a spare room—and maybe, if you're kind and invite us, we'll some time come and visit you on your ranch!"

"You shall have a standing invitation to do that."

She leaned back in her chair, put her hands behind her head and rocked contentedly.

"The one forlorn thing about my marriage would have been that there wasn't a soul to come to it. I wasn't long enough in Los Angeles to make any intimate friends. But now that you're here, it will be so different!"

"I'm rather surprised you choose to be married here," said Temple.

"It isn't altogether a matter of choice. If I were to be married in Los Angeles, it would mean at least two whole days for father away from the hotel, and there's nobody that he can leave in charge. I was wrong, too, in saying that I hadn't a friend in Los Angeles who would come to the wedding; I left out the clergyman who's to marry us. I sang in the choir at his church for a year."

"I suppose that Mr. Gunter has friends who will come?"

"No. He hasn't been in Los Angeles very long either. He has no near relatives living. He's even more alone in the world than I am. I think that's rather pleasant for two persons who are about to be married, don't you?"

"I suppose it gives them more time for each other," conceded Temple. "You're sure then that you want a best friend?"

"Oh, yes, indeed—just one! And you'll do for both of us, won't you? John will be so glad to have one, too. And you'll like John."

AT THIS point old Mr. Carrick, who had put away his spectacles and his newspapers, approached. It soon appeared that about his guest's movements he had no curiosity, but that he was hopefully concerned about his tastes—and upon satisfying himself that Temple was a man of some reading, Carrick edged his daughter quite out of the conversation.

"Perhaps you have some books with you?" the old man queried wistfully. "I feel the lack of a library here."

His eyes sparkled when David placed before him "The Ring and the Book," "Les Misérables," and "Tristram Shandy." He chose "Les Misérables."

"I have always wanted to read this novel," he said. He sighed a little as he surveyed the five volumes. "I'm afraid you won't be here long enough for me to finish it."

"I expect to stay a week," Temple answered.

"Mr. Temple is to be here for my wedding," said Caroline.

"Ah!" said the old man. "Good! Good! I can easily finish this book in a week."

That he might lose no time he retired with it at once to his corner. And never, through the week that followed, did he question Temple as to the causes for his prolonged stay or his interest in being present at the wedding. Possibly he made some inquiry of his daughter; Temple assumed that this must be the case. He talked rather unwillingly of

his own experiences; Temple in his efforts to ascertain the old man's qualifications as an accountant succeeded mainly in deriving an idea of his feeble and half extinct ambitions. He learned that Mr. Carrick had read law; that he was a justice of the peace; and that he had written poetry; he was asked to examine some of the poems. They were transcribed clearly in three large note-books and were fluent and gentle and commonplace.

To Temple the days as they passed were oddly compounded of wretched and of happy hours. There were times when the desolation about him seemed no greater than the desolation in his heart; and there were times when, all alone with Caroline, he missed nothing, longed for nothing—finding her complete.

AT SUNSET they took walks together toward the mountains, on the west; in the mornings and afternoons, when the girl's work was done, they would sit together on the veranda and talk or read. They read to each other from "The Ring and the Book"—Giuseppe Caponsacchi and Pompilia—Temple chose those narratives. Caroline loved Caponsacchi, her heart was wrung over Pompilia; but when together they dipped into the other parts of the poem, she lost interest and patience and sighed for something else. "When you know the truth of a thing, that's all you want to know about it," she declared. She asked if Temple hadn't any more books with him. He had only "Les Misérables" and "Tristram Shandy." "Les Misérables" looked too long. "Read to me out of the other; the name sounds comical," she suggested.

"I don't believe it's just the book for a man to read to a girl," replied Temple. "It's rather coarse in its humor."

"You don't like to read coarse books, do you?"

"Sometimes," he acknowledged. "Yes, if they're sound in their human nature I quite enjoy them."

Her eyes were reproachful. "You're too nice for that. I know I shouldn't like my husband to enjoy reading anything that he wouldn't enjoy reading to me."

Temple suddenly reached over and caught her hands tightly. "Will you let me be your husband?" She was too startled, too frightened to struggle, and for a moment she sat still, looking at him with wide eyes. In that moment he declared himself with



There were times when the desolation seemed no greater than the desolation in his heart

broken passionate rapidity—"I love you—and you must not make a mistake. I don't know the man you've promised to marry, and because I don't it's fair for me to speak. I don't believe that you can be with any other man the comrade that you know now you can be with me. I don't believe any other man ever can love you as I do. If you feel that—don't let yourself be bound—break it all off—come to me!"

His face was close to hers, the face of an ardent lover with flashing, summoning eyes. Caroline cast a frightened glance at her father, who sat at the farther end of the veranda, absorbed in his book. Her face flushed suddenly, and she drew her hands away.

"You have no right to talk like that," she said. "You are very presumptuous to question my love. You don't know Mr. Gunter—so you can't possibly know how much he means to me. I think you are very conceited to imagine you would make a better husband."

"I know mighty well I would if he finds nothing amusing in eighteenth century humor," declared Temple, relaxing suddenly from his passionate tenseness.

"I'm afraid you have a horrid side. I never believed it of you before."

"Perhaps you were too hasty then in your choice of a best friend?"

"I don't know. You do disappoint me."

She rose and went into the house. Temple chewed a cigar wrathfully, cocked his feet up on the veranda rail, and pulled his hat down over his eyes. It was a silly little quarrel—too puerile!

He sat planning and brooding for half an hour. The plans seemed to end with Los Angeles and champagne; they were disgustingly barren and inadequate; on the whole, he had a better time merely brooding. And while he was doing that, there was a step on the veranda; turning his head, he saw Caroline emerging. She bore a tray on which were a pitcher and glasses. She went first to her father, but he rejected the offering.

Then she approached Temple with a propitiatory smile.

"I don't care if the guests do have soft butter to-night," she said. "The only thing I could think of to show you I was sorry was to make you some iced tea. Do you like iced tea?"

"It's not half so cold as some other things you've passed me." He smiled at her. "I'll try to be a fit person for bridesmaid. I won't look at 'Tristram Shandy'—till after the wedding."

"Ah," she pleaded, "I was silly; don't I know you're a nice person—don't I know I can trust you! And I'll tell you a secret; I don't think you're conceited at all! So please forgive me—and be what you promised—our best friend!"

Indeed, their friendship seemed the better for their quarrel.

"It's mighty pleasant to know a girl as intimately as I know you," Temple said one day toward the end of the week. "I never did before. And you know, something seems queer about it."

"What is that?" asked Caroline.

"Why, that you can know one man so intimately and yet love and marry another."

"Yes," Caroline admitted. "It seems queer to me sometimes."

"This other fellow—I don't make out from the little that you tell me what sort he is. What do you have in common anyway? Does he like to read and talk about what he reads?"

"He looks at a magazine now and then," said Caroline rather grudgingly. "Besides," she added, "he hasn't much time for—such things. He's ambitious. He's a clever, energetic business man."

"Can't you tell me more than that about him?"

"He's kind and generous."

"What does he look like?"

"He—he's rather stout." She grew constrained. "He's not exactly handsome."

"I'd like to see a photograph of him. I suppose you have one."

"Yes. But I can't show it to you."

"Does he write nice letters?"

"He writes quite often." She turned away her face; he suspected tears in her eyes.

"Why don't you tell me I'm impertinent?" he asked softly. "I'm sure that if you really love him, Caroline, he must be worthy and he'll make you happy. If—you're sure!"

"I—I don't feel sure of anything any more." She turned on him desperate, beseeching eyes. "Living out here all alone—and you come and cast doubts into my

mind—and I lose all sense of balance—oh, it isn't fair of you, and I wish he were here, I wish he were here!"

She put her face down on her arms and sobbed.

TEMPLE looked at her ruefully. He reached over and put his hand on her shoulder.

"Tell me I'm a low-lived scut," he said.

"That's what I am. Now you sit up and dry your eyes, Caroline. I'm going to do the thing that a best friend surely ought to do. I'm going over to Los Angeles to-morrow morning to buy you a wedding present. And I won't come back until the afternoon before the wedding. So that will give you time to get your bearings again. I'm sorry. The devil does hold forth in me sometimes."

She dried her eyes and said plaintively: "Somehow I don't want you to go."

"You're a sweet, dependent little kid—and a complete little woman," sighed Temple. "I don't understand this game at all."

In Los Angeles he spent more money than he had thought of spending in his whole vacation. He purchased a mahogany table and sideboard and chairs

(Continued on page 23)

The Married Woman in Business

A New Figure to be Reckoned With in American Life

By HARRIET BRUNKHURST



In one instance the wife goes daily to her husband's office

THERE are thousands of admittedly successful married women in the business world to-day; yet if a canvass were made, to ascertain the general opinion concerning the fitness of their presence there, the answer in nine cases out of ten would doubtless be an emphatic negative. The negative would be positive, too, regardless of the underlying reasons that govern the change. Who stops to think that the married woman's hands are, in a majority of cases, either practically empty or filled with hopeless drudgery from the time her youngest child enters school?

In an ideal sense a woman has fulfilled her mission in the world with the rearing of her children—but she lives before and she lives afterward; she has still many years remaining when they no longer require her full attention. Families are smaller than they used to be; household duties have changed; the American man's pride demands luxury, education, idleness for his womenfolk. We have, then, the woman of capability, with her hands empty from the time she is forty, and there is much work in the world. We have, too, the "useless" mother, the meddling mother-in-law, and the overworked father.

Conditions have changed so greatly that the married woman is almost compelled to keep pace with the woman who does not marry, or does not leave business upon her marriage. In one instance the wife goes daily to her husband's office and fills, capably, the positions of two people—bookkeeper and stenographer. It is a temporary arrangement, but one that made possible not only the establishment of the business, but the marriage as well. The wife had previous experience and would have remained in another office while the man struggled to make alone the start that would enable them to marry. They have years together instead of years in which they might have been growing apart; and they have the happiness of building the foundation for future independence together. If they have not the full delights of a home, they certainly have an existence far preferable to that of a boarding-house. Later they will find the way for her ten or fifteen years of family duties.

Return to business would necessitate the wife's keeping thoroughly in touch with things even in the years when she would be away, busied with a multitude of other duties; but that intelligent, appreciative, silent partner might not be a bad thing for the man, and it would keep the woman in pace with her husband, abreast with the times. She would not be one of the women whose actual share in her husband's life is less than is that of his stenographer.

Women Without Business Acumen

FREQUENTLY cooperation in business is not practicable, even when the wife has had experience. Many times the woman, who may have been an unqualified success in her work elsewhere, proves but a drag in her husband's office. It may be difficult for her to suppress a personal bias, and women are often not quite just in business affairs—the broader view comes with training. Take the question of salary. The woman's view of the matter is likely to be that every dollar added to the expense account comes out of their personal income—the bigger reckoning is beyond her. The wisdom of keeping a tried and satisfactory employee at an increased salary does not compare in her estimation with that of keeping the salary list at its old figure. Nor would it occur to her that faithful service earns an interest in an increasingly remunerative business.

The amount of disorganization that a woman without business acumen can accomplish in an office is almost incredible when contrasted with the work of some of the successful women. One such woman, brilliant, beautiful, tactful, socially perfect, used to wreak havoc not unlike that of a cyclone in the course of her half-day's attendance at her husband's place of business. Her husband, a man of brilliant parts, but no stability of character, relied implicitly upon her judgment, meanwhile paying a staff of competent people whose expert professional opinions he persistently disregarded. The most singular part of the situation was that she gave to the unthinking onlooker an impression of possessing the good business sense with which her husband credited her. Bustle was to her synonymous with accomplishment; activity satisfied her, though the work in question could be well done only under quiet conditions; the new member of the staff was always to her the most important, and at his suggestion existing rules and regulations were easily overturned and presently restored at a cost of time, money, and reputation for continuity of policy.

Husband and Wife, Partners

A WOMAN who successfully takes her full share in her husband's office—her husband's though she shares his labors—said: "Neither the big things nor the little things are changed so far as I can see. There is certainly no lessening of courtesy or deference on his part. My work is needed, and we are much happier together than we could be apart. I take my share of the office work as a man partner would, no favors and no shirking. It is business, not pretense with us. At the same time, if I forget my umbrella, I would not think of returning for it, nor would I think of going upstairs for something he could get for me. I am his wife, not his business partner, then. Out of the office I expect and receive the same deference that would be accorded me if we were separated all day, but at the office our partnership is on a business basis. If I happen to be tired I do not allow him to put me in a big chair with a magazine. I stick to my work or go home, as any other member of the organization would. Nothing breeds dissatisfaction more quickly, I think, than such infringement on business rules. When the business is fairly established, I shall stop coming downtown, but I dread the separation. Anyway, this seems the only way at present."

True, self-indulgence frequently keeps the two at work when it may not be strictly necessary. A married woman who continued in business said with a whimsical smile: "If I want a box of candy I don't want to have to think whether there will be enough money left for the steak." They



She gave the impression of possessing good business sense

had waited until they had grown weary of counting the time in years and then decided that waiting did not pay. The wife in this instance earned slightly more than did her husband.

After Forty—Then What?

WOMEN'S domestic burdens, especially in the cities, are lessening. In the country, too, the same change is taking place. The milk goes to the creamery; spinning and weaving are almost lost arts; the bread is kneaded by machinery; sewing becomes a lighter task with each year; the aprons and overalls, even, are purchased ready-made; the washing is done by machinery; the cows can be milked by machinery—and the automobile stands at the door. Good work, every bit of it, better work for women's emancipation than the suffragists have ever done. "Mother" is still busy, but "Daughter" goes to college, and both parents are changing their views. Mother discovers at forty-five that she is still young enough to wear white gowns, and she wears them. She takes more readily to innovations than was her mother's wont. Sometimes the new views bring their heartache, but there is always the balm that daughter won't have the same hard things to bear.

Different as is the position of the alert, educated girl of to-day, free as she is to cast her lot in whatever field she may prefer, there still remains a big problem. Whether a woman chooses to retain her grasp upon the affairs that held her attention before marriage, or if it be expedient to branch out in a different direction, she must, if she is to be happy, remember that her hands, too, will be empty by the time she is forty, or, at most, forty-five. She may "busy herself" afterward about her home and her family, but their real need for her entire attention is ended. Then what?

The daughters are, of course, a different proposition. They see the necessity for wage-earning, not alone as a means of gaining additional luxuries, but for the greater breadth of life and experience, if not for sheer necessity. While the son is in college he is firmly convinced that no girl should enter business life. Two or three years in business usually modify his opinions materially. Presently he finds himself rather proud of his sisters, and as the years pass he sees more clearly the growing need of the world for trained workers; the impossibility of the American man's ideal that would make a leisure class of women—who have always done their full share of work, in one way or another; possibly, after a little, he may even come to a realization that women need a fair outlet for abilities long held in abeyance, quite as much as the world needs their work. Whether he will consider his wife as coming under the ruling is another matter; probably it depends very much on her attitude in the matter.

The "schoolma'am" contingent is a yearly decreasing factor among the girl graduates from universities, and one after another the homely tasks come under the classification of professional service. The result is a race of women not one whit less feminine than those of an older school, though thoroughly competent to take their full share in almost any line of work. Nor are these girls inclined to become excited over imaginary wrongs. They know that they have but to fit themselves for any work, any post, in order to secure it.

Business Methods in the Home

THERE are many reasons governing the attitude that some of these women take toward marriage, its blessings and its duties. Physically they are not possessed of hardy frames; hours many times are long, and "nerves" are a plentiful American crop; salaries are not always commensurate with the work required, nor equal to the needs of the workers; above all, give them credit, "home" sounds sweet. Beyond a doubt, many of them give up all outside duties; doubtless, too, they take with them to the new life experience and breadth of view that will militate effectively against the conditions that formerly governed the household.

A woman who has left the field of outer activity said: "I have not forgotten the old life and I endeavor to keep its methods with me. If a needed

piece of household machinery costs fifty or a hundred dollars, I remember that a typewriter or a filing-cabinet would cost as much, and one is as necessary as the other. I do not expect any servant to do work that a machine can do as well. My household equipment is expensive, perhaps, and I do not know that I save much in servants' wages, notwithstanding all my labor-saving devices—but my work is well done, and my servants do not work harder than do the people in my husband's offices. As to the cost—well, I would not hesitate long if I wanted a Persian rug that I did not really need, or an extra set of furs. My aunts think my house-keeping shockingly extravagant, but mother observes that my money is always spent with a purpose; which, she says, is not extravagance. There is nothing in my house that is not good in quality and useful as well. My few art treasures may not come under the same heading as my electric range, but their use is as distinctly defined; the children know good work when they see it."

Still another woman, harking back to business days, said: "My husband would not for a minute consider my entering his office as a coworker, and though my assistance might be of value, I am content to wield my influence at home. We are partners and we share the day's work. The petty annoyances and harassments we omit—unless they are humorous—also some of the bigger worries, unless we think we need comforting. My husband takes pride in my knowing the ins and outs of his business; he is as keenly interested in knowing what I have been doing—and a home like this is interesting, 'though I say it myself,' with a smile. "We never discuss the personal gossip of the office, nor do I tell him what my callers serve up as small talk. We talk big things and the little intimate things that are only for ourselves—but we don't have to talk at all. We have been married ten years, and we can still be

perfectly happy without saying a word for two hours."

It is not generally admitted, but the woman who has a business training takes a needless risk, and one whose consequences can scarcely be estimated, when she drops everything upon her marriage. She can at least keep in touch with things. The return of an old worker who has lost her hold on the outside world is almost invariably sad. Those of her old compeers who remain in the field have progressed far in the years of her absence; she is forgotten; worse, her ways are not the ways of the present.

The Case of One Woman

IN ONE such instance, a woman acquainted in the business circles the applicant had left years before sought employment for the old-time worker. One superintendent shook his head decisively: "No," he said, "I have tried them before. They lose their nerve. They are thinking of home cares and troubles. Further, their ideas are behind the times. Sorry." Two other superintendents took a broader view. "Send her around," said they; "we can not put her ahead of her old position, but we can give her a chance to show what she can do." One of them did. She was, as the first man had suspected, nervous, broken, sorely troubled; but she got into the swing of the work, she regained her lost poise, and she won out, among strangers, not with people who might have given her a chance for old-time's sake. A bigger percentage than two out of three men will give a woman a chance if it be at all possible; and often, against really surprising odds, she will "make good." Nor does her age make any great difference.

One of the cleverest writers for women in New York for a number of years was a woman who, until she was past fifty, had never earned a dollar, a woman accustomed to the higher walks of life and unacquainted with privation. When her fortunes

changed she stepped into the ranks of wage-earners. She not only took care of herself, but she supported an invalid husband down the decline of life, and she did it for more than twenty years.

There was another woman whose early widowhood forced her into the ranks of the self-supporting. For thirty years she was buyer for a large series of stocks in one of the big department stores of the city—a position not only of responsibility, but one carrying a far larger salary than the average professional man receives. This woman's retirement came not long ago, advancing age and its infirmities making the step imperative. Her exit from the scene was made with honors, banquet, flowers, speeches, and handsome gifts, and with a general recognition throughout her world of business—no small world—as one of the cleverest buyers in the trade, man or woman. Certainly an achievement for any one; and though broken in health and burdened with years, she was still young, fully resolved to enjoy the remaining years of her life. She might, easily enough, have been one of the "useless" mothers at forty. The married woman faces a future of almost fixed features. After her children reach maturity it is an undeniable fact that they can have what is known as "too much mother." They need to do things for themselves, to develop through experience, and her supervision should be only nominal. What then remains for her? It is to be hoped that she and her husband will have reached the delightful intimacy that comes with happy married years, but even at this best, what is there for the wife? She is still a very real flesh and blood creature, with need for individual aims and ambitions. She can not live in the lives of others; if she tries it she will speedily be dubbed a mischief-maker—worse, she probably would be one. She needs affairs of her own, and the young people should have full opportunity to work out their own problems.

The Schoolma'am

The Woman Who Has Opened Up Life for Others and Closed It Upon Herself

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

"I WAS thinking," said Bertha Brown, schoolma'am, raising her old head. "It is twenty-two thousand dollars—just a little over twenty-two that I have received in salaries in forty-one years. If I had saved it all there would be enough to take care of me very well. But it did not average much more than five hundred dollars a year. There was my mother at first—and an invalid."

(Bertha Brown lives up three flights of stairs at Mrs. Hewitt's, upon the first of which the carpet is much worn, upon the last of which, owing to less traffic and less light, almost all the original pile and coloring remain. It is an old house; as you pass the closed doorways one after the other, ascending the narrow passage, boards beneath you complain of the eternal monotony of feet going and coming through the years. Her head, with its fine hair brushed back in straight prim lines, is like the head of a mummy—the head of an Egyptian princess, with yellowed skin so soft, so etched with life, that sallowness can not hurt its beauty. And her eyes are old with seeing; they send forth a kindly light as ancient as human eyes.)

"In this city, however—" I suggested.

They Have Gone—Where?

"NOT so much more. I am a principal of a grammar school. I would have you know." She smiled. "I taught the sixth grade when I came—in the same building—you've seen it. It was a new building then. We were very proud of it—a faced brick building with bright yellow and hard pine wood-work within, which has all turned dark and dingy now—a smoky drab color—the color of the floors.

"The desks were all spick and span. They're funny old desks. Once there was some talk of their being contrary to the then accepted hygienic design. But since then the theory has changed back again. Like some of the theories of teaching. So many hands and elbows have rested on those desks! I think I can remember penknife scratches which have disappeared because the surface of the wood has been so rubbed and polished with the children's touch.

"Those desks seem—each one—to have an individuality now. At a distance they are all terribly alike, standing in rows. But sometimes when the scholars have filed out with the afternoon gong and it is dusk and I am tired, I squeeze into one of those seats screwed down to the floor and look with some awe at the top of the desk before me. Once in a while I can remember a child or two who has sat there, but even when I can not I can see the thousand and one little

marks that each has made. The marks seem almost immortal. I wonder where those that made them have gone. A teacher does not know. She can't know. It is too bad—perhaps. I have taught almost three thousand pupils. They flit back into my memory three or four at a time. I remember a little fat boy who took hold of my hand one day and squeezed it in affection and ran out much embarrassed at what he had done. I wonder if he's dead. There are enough of them to make a little city. I did my best with them, and they— Is it close in this room?"



Her eyes send forth a kindly light

She arose with the acute agility of a thin old maid, pushed up the window, and drew aside the silk sash curtains that separated us from the black night and the glint of occasional city lights. Large moist flakes were still falling; only an occasional flutter of east wind brought up to us the rumble of the city and the smell of the snow; between these whiffs of winter air we could hear the dripping of water on the tin roofs.

"You've taught them at the rate of seven dollars and a half apiece?" I ventured to suggest.

"A little more, I think," she corrected me. She had the irritating, formal manner of telling others of their mistakes which characterizes most school-teachers. And yet, thought I, one might as well criticize the grave-diggers for the callouses on their hands.

"Don't you suppose they owe you a little more—each one?"

"A Nun Without a Convent"

"IF I DID not believe it," she answered softly, "I should be sorry that I ever taught. Sometimes I think if it were not for that I should be sorry that I did not become dishonest—that I did not—" She paused, looking up at me as if she were not sure I would understand her. "Well, for many, many years I have been alone, living in a little room like this, busy all day—day after day—routine. A little room for a home and alone in it all the evenings! A visitor now and then—but in a social class by myself. A nun without a convent. That is what Miss Patterson used to say: 'A nun without a convent!' Surely the salary does not keep up to the drudgery of it. It must be something else, don't you think? It must have been something besides fear."

"Because the very fact of keeping at it implies courage?"

"In a real, true woman," she replied. "It takes a real woman to be admirably bad. It takes a true woman not to be. All the others have no courage anyway." How she laughed over her epigram, but she had stated it with spirit, with a reddening of her dry cheeks, a flash of youthful fire in her eye, a tightening of her wrinkled hands.

"So I have gone on. After forty years I am still teaching, still studying."

"Studying?"

"Surely studying." She smiled. "When you see a woman as old as I who is still in harness—though that is not a refined phrase, is it?—you may be sure she has studied hard. A teacher must keep up her professional knowledge, just like a doctor, I suppose. She must stop spelling harbor with a u. She must know a little more biology and psychology and

a little less about Bryant's poetry and slanting penmanship. Sometimes she must take up courses in the summer. She must buy books—books—books."

She felt beneath the table cover with her hand, then held up a sizable green cloth-bound volume. If memory serves well, it was a translation from a German educator—a treatise on the correlation of ordinary teaching and training in the manual arts.

"A dollar and a half," she said dryly. "It takes the place of a new shirt-waist. But if you do not keep up you surely can not last." Her voice lost its vivacity. She spoke solemnly. "You can not run the full distance—you can not finish the journey. You have not made it lifelong. You have not pressed onward to the end."

"I have taught a long time," she went on after a minute, "but never better than now. I am proud of that. I will not go much farther, I think. I have not been very well this winter. School-teachers—like trained nurses—are not good risks. The life insurance men say so, I believe. I think I am the oldest schoolma'am in the city. So I have had as many days of illness on my feet as any of them—as many headaches—and lasted as long as anybody."

She seemed to have been talking to herself; now she opened the book, idly glancing over the running leaves. I could see the reflection of her hands in the glass-covered engraving of an old-fashioned-looking Claude Lorraine. They appeared far down the deep perspective of the picture between the castles and the arching elms. Evidently she followed my gaze, for she turned toward the engraving herself and remarked that it used to hang in the library of her home, that her father had bought it from a sea captain to give to her mother on a particular wedding anniversary.

Suddenly she said with a little laugh that she had not talked about herself so much for years. "A teacher—a woman school-teacher should fear that subject above all others. Her greatest danger is herself. She must fear introspection more than a

school board of women members. Not because she has the same temptation to consider herself that a rich and idle woman has. She's busy in the day, of course, but in the evenings—! And particularly in those minutes when she is trying to think herself to sleep at night.

"I have given you a bad impression of school-teaching, I'm afraid," she said suddenly. "But I have not forgotten that it has given me a living—the necessities and some comforts."

"And that is all?"

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "After all, there is something of a reward in mere service. One may lose one's dreams about one's youthful ideals. But not the ideals themselves, I think. They keep right on unseen and silent. They must have been following me day in and day out. I saw them when I was a young girl, full of vitality and hope. And I've begun to see them again more clearly than ever." Her eyes gazed calmly straight into mine. "I wish I could go on and on and on! I see the ideals again, and I'm glad I have done something more than earn my salary."

"You've never been tempted to turn away from it?"

The Problem of Money

"OF COURSE I have. I could have started a private school once in partnership with a widow without much charm, but with sufficient money. Her plan was to establish a fashionable school for Western girls. The entire scheme depended on charging one thousand dollars a year. It would undoubtedly have proved successful simply because of the belief of newly rich families that expensive things are the best. 'Let us give the girls a good time and a little real culture,' said this widow. 'If they enjoy themselves, they will report favorably to their parents and their friends, and the earmarks of culture will be satisfying to every one.' She was a clever woman. But I could not very well do it. I've heard since that the school clears twelve thousand a year."

"It would have settled the problem of money?"

"It would have settled the problem of money," she repeated, emphasizing the last word. "Yes, I would not have been forced to wonder what would happen to me when I had to stop. A year or two ago I used to wake up in the morning and stare at the ceiling, trying to picture the future. For it even takes some money to get into an old ladies' home."

"An old ladies' home?"

She smiled. "Why not? I have no relatives. After all, it will be a period of reflection—of waiting. I used to think I would go to some such place and try to make my influence felt to stimulate the others. But I remembered the white-haired line that used to sit on the piazza at the home in Lynndale. They did not look unhappy. They said nothing, did nothing. They sat and gazed like Oriental priests. Why should I disturb them? I could be no braver—no more gentle than they. They have lived life out."

"I will sit there with them cheerfully. I will think about the children. They will flit back into my memory three and four at a time. I will wonder where they are."

"And there are no pensions for school-teachers?" I asked without thinking.

"Only for soldiers," she answered.

"I wonder which do the most for the State?" I said.

She shook her head to show that she did not know. At her age all problems were still unsolved. But the pile of copy-books were still before her on the table. She took one of them down and looked into it absent-mindedly.

"Good night," said I, picking up my hat.

"Good night," she said, smiling up out of the circle of the lamp's glow. She rose to her feet with her quick movement. "You will come again?"

I nodded; the door closed softly after me. The warm smell of respectable hallways came up the stairs as some one below opened the front door, and a strange turn of fancy suggested that a great press of people were coming up to her door—the grown-up children that she had once taught.



A Cincinnati Newsboy

This child said, when asked his age, "I'm thick's years old." The proved results of child labor are stunted growth and impaired physique

New Orleans had employed older children since the State child-labor law took effect, showing that little children are not necessary in this industry. Vocational direction was advocated by Dr. David Snedden, who said that the home of to-day can not foster the child's entrance into industry, but that the public school should now be the place for vocational adjustment. Mrs. J. Borden Harriman described the welfare work at present being carried on by mill owners in the South, and observed that the second generation there is awakening to the importance of sending its children to school.

The work of children in street trades is a new topic, and its harmful results, as seen in Boston, New York, and Cincinnati, were shown by Edward N. Clopper. Child labor in canning and agriculture was discussed; children were described as employed in the truck gardens of Maryland during the summer, the same children being shipped to Florida to work in the oyster fisheries during the winter. Owen R. Lovejoy made a strong plea for the Federal Children's Bureau, which would place accurate infor-

mation at the disposal of the many organizations now trying to improve such conditions in this country.

THE suffrage campaign for New York State opened vigorously, headquarters being established at Albany. Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, the Rev. Anna Shaw, and other prominent suffragists went to the Capitol to begin the battle. The "antis" also have been on the field. Mrs. Nelson H. Henry is one of the foremost of these. They were invited to attend the suffragists' rally in a body.

A suffrage settlement-house, a branch of the Political Equality Association of New York, was opened in Harlem on February 1. The classes include instruction in city government, public speaking, the history of woman's fight for the ballot, the Constitution of the United States, and the history of political parties. Concerts will furnish entertainment, although the fundamental object is to prepare women for citizenship.

Voters of Seattle are to be bowled over like tenpins next fall by a list of twenty "reasons why" which the Seattle Suffrage Club has prepared. Among them are: The ballot adds to mutual interests that create true friendship between man and woman. Enfranchisement of women would increase the proportion of native-born electors. Women are generally law-abiding, forming but six per cent of the

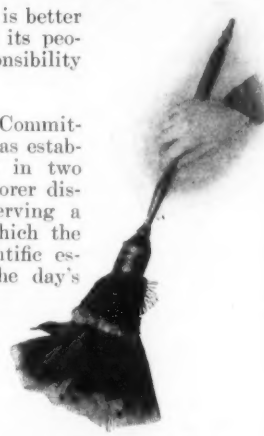
inmates of prisons. It is better for a country that all its people should feel a responsibility concerning its affairs.

THE School Lunch Committee of New York has established its experiments in two large schools in the poorer districts, and is daily serving a three-cent lunch, in which the child receives, by scientific estimate, one-third of the day's needed nourishment. Miss Mabel Kittredge, in charge of the work, states that the reason for not attempting to extend these meals to more than two schools is that the first task is to work out a problem whose solution will aid ultimately to feed underfed children, rather than to attempt to feed them to any extent now. The problem is: "Are the public-school children of New York suffering from malnutrition, and how are they to be properly fed?" The three-cent meal, whose price is expected to cover its cost, consists of a bowl of nourishing soup, macaroni or rice, and two slices of bread. In addition to the *table d'hôte*, there is a counter where extras can be purchased for a penny each: cocoa, baked apples, sandwiches, or ginger-bread. The honor of serving, together with immaculate caps and aprons, is conferred upon some of the older boys, and in return for their work they receive lunch free of charge.



A Three-Cent Lunch

For this sum Public School No. 21 on the East Side of New York City serves one hundred and fifty children with pea soup and white bread



A Spreader of Germs

Abolished from the War Department as cause of disease

THE feather-duster, that time-honored utensil, must go, according to a circular on dry sweeping and dusting issued by order of the Department of Health of Buffalo. It has played its part in many a stage picture; with it the parlor maid has long coquetted as her mistress with a fan. But its future must lie in the stage picture alone, for, since it has been known that the feather-duster stirs the germ from his rest-

ing-place and drives him forth to conquer new fields, it is doomed. The circular states that dust is filth in its most dangerous form, that it pollutes the air we breathe, the food we eat, the liquids we drink, the houses in which we live, and the clothing we wear. If we wish to get rid of dust we must not stir it up, for as soon as it gets into the air it is beyond our control. Before sweeping, wet sawdust or bits of paper should be scattered on the floor. All windows and outside doors should be opened as widely as possible; doors communicating with other parts of the house should be closed. Dusting should be done with a moistened cloth, which should be washed before it has a chance to dry, and bare floors should be wiped with an oiled cloth.



A Useful Fashion

Large coiffures have given employment to thousands of girls in the hair factories

BASKET-BALL, despite all that has been said against it, is a safe and excellent game for girls, in the opinion of Dr. Thomas D. Wood of Teachers' College, New York. Some girls' schools use boys' rules, others compromise the matter; Dr. Wood believes in a game with modifications throughout. As basket-ball is played by the Barnard and Teachers' College girls in the Thompson gymnasium, the halves are of only ten minutes' duration, each player is allowed to cover only one-third of the floor, and the rougher plays, such as blocking and seizing the ball from another's hands, are ruled out. The fashion for match games between rival colleges seems to be dying out everywhere, as the nervous strain of such contests has proved dangerous.

The high-school boys and girls of Boston are to be compelled in the future to take part in athletics as a feature of their school training, unless unable to do so for physical reasons. Swimming is to be required of both. There will be gymnastic games for the girls, track and field work for the boys.

THOUSANDS of women and children the country over have found work in the human-hair factories since the fashion for "picture hair" began. The ratmakers suffer from the particles of hair which escape and are harmful to inhale. In wet-work, which consists of knotting hair to form switches, a worker knots over three miles of hair a year, receiving from six to twelve cents a yard. Wigmaking is the best-paid branch, sometimes earning twelve dollars a week for the worker, who must spend a year in acquiring her art. The price paid to European peasants for a head of hair ranges from twenty cents to a dollar.

WOMAN'S finger was thrust in the political pie of San Francisco soon after the famous disturbances began there, and has remained in the pie ever since. First she formed an Auxiliary League of Justice. The aid which this organization rendered was officially recognized when, after a year's work, it was absorbed into the general League of Justice and Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding was made one of the Committee of Fifty to serve equally with forty-nine men. From the Auxiliary developed the California Women's Heney Club, which now counts four hundred members and promises to become a permanent political organization, ballot or no ballot. The battle concerning the Hetch-Hetchy Valley water is now interesting the San Francisco women. Although woman is commonly supposed to be on the side of sentiment, in this case she sternly rejects all arguments to the effect that one of nature's beauties will be destroyed by the use of this water for a San Francisco system. Mrs. Gerberding states that the Hetch-Hetchy can spare enough crystal Sierra

water to save the city's health, now menaced by an impure supply, and still remain the treat to the nature-lover that it has always been.

"THE RAINBOW HOUSE," opened in New York by Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, will provide the wives of criminals with work, to enable them to support their families while their husbands are in jail. Laundry work will be the chief form of employment.

THERE is an effort being made to consolidate the various organizations for the protection of colored women in New York. Such societies endeavor to look out for the colored girl who comes to the city a stranger, and find her suitable employment.

THE new Chinese Minister brought to America not only his own three daughters, but a number of other young girls, destined to have their native charm enhanced or diminished, as the future may show, by an American education.



Flying Women

Mme. Paulhan (left), who accompanied her husband in a cross-country flight at Los Angeles, and Mrs. Ferris (right), the first American woman to go up in an aeroplane



The Lure of Maps

LAST month we committed ourselves to the opinion that History is the most humanly interesting thing in the world, save men. Wiser now, we hasten to add that the World herself, a spectacle, may be vastly more entertaining than the story of the microcosms who go punily adventuring within her mighty borders. The simplest and crudest of all paintings, a mere map, may be to the eye of the imagination fuller of suggestion than any pale Madonna or rosy nymph, and the high lights upon those maps, the blank wastes of white marked "Unexplored," become the most enticing of all mysteries.

When Dr. Sven Hedin last entered Tibet, in the summer of 1906, it was the lure of such a mystery which called him. The western half of that huge table-land, north of the Brahmaputra Valley, lay waiting to be known. When he emerged, in 1908, another mystery had ceased to be. Across the blank he had traced mighty mountain chains, scrawled rivers, and dotted lakes. For that reason his book, "Trans-Himalaya" (the Macmillan Company, New York, 2 volumes. \$7.50 net), possesses a central dramatic interest, a unifying plot, which is not always present in narratives of travel and adventure.

Aside from that, its fundamental note, the book is best described in a single word as marvelously vivid. The pictures which Dr. Hedin puts before his readers are not easily forgotten. The old trails over the high passes, trade-routes perhaps before the Carthaginians ever went a-trading; the frowning passes themselves, where icy winds tug at the prayer streamers on the poles above the votive cairns; the caravans of yaks and ponies, and even industrious sheep bearing tiny packs of salt or barley; the monasteries perched on their lonely pinnacles, and the sound of their bells booming across the empty valleys at night and morning; the villages of squat stone houses nestled beside the rivers; the melancholy, gentle Tashi Lama in his Vatican, turning with boyish curiosity from his meditations on the great illusion to ask eager questions about Europe and photography; the liquid turquoise of Manasarovar, the sacred lake; the placid busyness of traffic along the great central highway, the Tasam; and high above all else, eternally high, the towering, snowy peaks; all that is brought as close and made as intimately real as some street scene on Broadway. Not least appealing in the recollection are the faithful men, Ladakis and Tibetans, the

Conducted by ROWLAND THOMAS

patient, starving horses and the *insouciant* dogs who through two hard years followed unquestioningly where Hedin Sahib led.

"The Labrador"

WHILE this geographical fever is still hot in our veins three other books of travel may very well be mentioned.

In "Labrador, the Country and the People," Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell and his collaborators have prepared the first guide-book worthy of the name to one of the most interesting, and least known, regions in America. The book is a labor of love, and treats exhaustively the history, geography, and life of Labrador, human, animal, and vegetable. While it is severely practical and makes no pretense to literary charm, it has charm, nevertheless, and may well do what its authors evidently hope to bring to pass—lead an increasing number of tourists and sportsmen to avail themselves of a delightful summer playground which until now has been almost unutilized. (The Macmillan Company. \$2.25 net.)

Mexico

FOR the next few months, at least until our cousins to the south have recovered from the first shock of being told in print that their country is barbarous and they themselves (by inference) barbarians, the discreeter type of English-speaking tourist will probably do well to wander in some other land than Mexico. Hardier spirits, though, who care not if they be taken for disguised myrmidons of the "American Magazine," may venture it even now. To all such, and to those who may later follow in their fearless steps, we recommend the reading of Mr. W. E. Carson's "Mexico." (The Macmillan Company. \$2.25 net.) The book is by no means the last word, but it sums up entertainingly and within a reasonable space the chief places and points of interest in a very interesting country.

Provincial France

MR. ERNEST PEIXOTTO has long known and loved his France. Therefore, when he sets himself to revealing some of the pleasant experiences he has gathered in the less-traveled portions of the sunny land, the result is delightful. Not with the tiresome precision of Baedeker, but very

simply and suggestively, he points out the possibilities of cruises by motor-boat on the Seine and the Oise, of motor trips through the chateau country, and of excursions into the far southwestern corner, where the castles that once sheltered troubadours and the sleeping hill cities of Gascony lie, far from the bustle of our modern world. The book is charmingly illustrated by the author's own drawings. ("Through the French Provinces," by Ernest Peixotto. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.50 net.)

On Inoculation

HOWEVER obvious may be the absurdity of pointing out to a grown man what he might do worse than read, it is equally obvious that for a youngster blazing his first trail into the tangled region of books, where so much that is ephemeral and trivial obscures so much that may become a precious life-long possession, once it is appropriated, a bit of guidance may not come amiss. "How Allie Made His First Home Run" so easily looms large enough in the foreground to hide honest, solid old Tom Hughes; a thicket of "Elsie" books so easily covers the modest naturalness of Macdonald from an unwarned explorer.

To tell a boy what he ought to read is worse than useless. It is foolhardy. But to suggest to him, with Machiavellian innocence, that he wants to read something, to give him the clue of his own interest to follow, is to waken an exploring zest that may lead him anywhere. Outwardly subtle as any dove or mild-eyed mental therapist, inwardly cunning as a serpent, Mr. John Macy has done just that in his "Child's Guide to Reading," a volume which may prove a boon to those parents—there must be many of them—who are wondering what's to become of Dickens and Scott and Cooper in the next generation unless Henty is expunged from this. ("A Child's Guide to Reading," by John Macy. The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. \$1.25 net.)

A Novel

WHAT is a Novel? A dozen instantaneous photographs of a mob in ebullient eruption? The galloping history of a single peerless hero dashing for a goal with the agility of a steeple-chaser? Or is it rather the deep-reaching study, in whatever mood it matters not, of a group of developing lives all intertwined, each reaching up instinctively for sun and air, and each, in its own growth, influencing and modifying all its neighbors?

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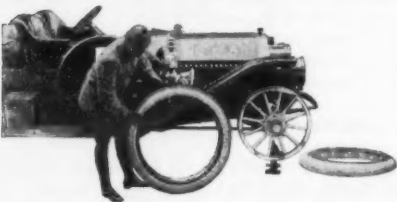
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ness of treatment we look to find in every
veritable English novel which should no
more be episodic than a true drama
should. Not often do we have the satisfac-
tion of using the honorable epithet un-
grudgingly. On that account Mr. Hop-
kins's "Old Harbor" was all the more
welcome to us.

For it is a novel, though a short and
unpretentious one. An old Massachusetts
shore town and its people are recreated
in its pages. Comparisons are nowhere
more odious than when used to conceal a
reviewer's haziness of thought—if re-
viewers think at all, which has some-
times been called in question. But it
would be hard to read this book without
being reminded of Trollope and of his
latest pupil, Mr. Arnold Bennett. There
is the same verisimilitude based on a
multitude of touches of loved detail,
the same very quiet underlying humor,
the same canny avoidance of superlative
heights of speech or emotion, the same
neutrality toward both characters and
reader. ("Old Harbor," by William John
Hopkins. The Houghton Mifflin Company,
Boston. \$1.25 net.)

The Woman of Destiny

WHEN will men tire of that greater
than any drama, the French Revo-
lution? "The ancients," says Sainte-
Beuve, "had Andromache Hector, Priam,
Hecuba and her sorrow, to whom they
harked back always; never could their
eyes look long enough on those dismal
tragedies, nor weep sufficiently. We too
have our fallen Troy, and in its story our
interest never flags." Somewhat wearily
he adds: "Still more Marie Antoinette!
Always Marie Antoinette!"

For true to her nature, she has taken,
in the popular fancy, the center of the
stage, on which she lived and died. Those
whose concern is the eternal verities pro-
claim in vain that she was but a subor-
dinate player in the tragedy, that the
tragedy itself should overshadow every
actor in it. As long as men are men
and look back to that time, they will see
one lonely woman's figure dominating all
the others, the headstrong, vivacious girl
who came out of Austria to be Queen of
France and failed; the chastened queen
who, having failed, been stripped of hus-
band, children, friends; been mocked and
insulted; rode out from the Law Courts to
the Place of the Revolution and the
guillotine, sitting in state on her tum-
bril, mistress of herself at last.

So Mr. H. Belloc sees her, and paints
her very vividly in his "Marie Antoinette"
(Doubleday, Page & Company, New York.
\$2.75 net). The book is not history, any
more than Carlyle's "French Revolution"
is. But it is not historical fiction.

The Science of Poetry

WHETHER it be that Englishmen,
and especially Americans, take
their reading less seriously than other
men, or with racial hatred of authority
prefer to be guided in their choice of
books by their own taste and that of the
railway newsboy, it is a commonplace
that criticism, regarded as a branch of
literary art and not a mere perfunctory
exercise in the anatomy and histology of
rhetoric, has never assumed with them
the importance, nor received the atten-
tion, to which its possibilities entitle it.
So far as it is practised at all, it is
largely for the diversion of the compla-
cent few; the rest of us being content to
take our books, as we do our plays, more
or less haphazard, like them or damn
them, and then forget them. Sainte-Beuve
himself, attempting to delight New York
in the columns of the "Post" as he was
delighting Paris in the "Constitutionnel,"
quickly proved unacceptable. And yet his
comment has in many instances had more
vitality than the stuff it worked on. He
is read to-day, the books of which he
speaks are very often only names.

It is an interesting fact, to us at least,
that one of the few pieces of undiluted
critical writing in English which ap-
proaches the foreign models closely, in
both form and substance, has retained a
shadow of popularity for twenty years.
We refer to the Second Series of Mat-
thew Arnold's "Essays in Criticism," a
thirteenth edition of which has just ap-
peared. (The Macmillan Company, New
York. \$1.50.)

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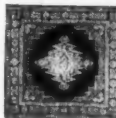
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The Fully Equipped **Enger "40"** \$2000 Complete

"Just get Oil and Gasoline—and start"

More than a year ago we first decided to build the Enger "40" Touring Model.

The time since then has been spent in perfecting the car.

* * *

Initial preparations consumed a large portion of the year. Never did a manufacturer take up a project with more care.

Fortunately the start was made with no handicap. We labored under no difficulties—financial or otherwise.

We entered this field with ample capital. There were several millions of dollars in hand. Resources even more vast were in reserve.

So we began in a big way. It was a beginning with exceptional factory facilities. Abundant space was secured. The machinery installed was the newest, most improved.

Some automobile manufacturers have spent years in reaching the point at which we started. Many have not yet reached it. To the majority of those who have, the progress has been costly.

They have had to abandon expensive machinery, as it became out-of-date. Often this has been a dead loss. They have had further outlay for new. Such expenses they have had to charge to cost of production. Unques-

tionably it has affected the price of their cars—or what they have been able to give for the money.

This experimental stage we avoided. We had all the money necessary to get the latest machinery—without having a record of costly experiments to charge up against the cars.

We were also able from the first to employ the most expert craftsmen. For every step in the car's construction we selected only the highest type of mechanics.

In looks the Enger "40" is big, roomy and handsomely fitted, with exceeding beauty of line.

Its weight is kept down—to save in up-keep. Yet it has great speed and power. It is a car of amazing vitality. It mounts the most stubborn hills, with a full load. It stands the utmost punishment of the roughest going. It travels muddy roads eagerly.

Each Enger "40" is given performance tests on the roads and hills about Cincinnati—as trying as any in America. A car that shows perfect performance here, will do so anywhere.

In material and equipment no expense was spared. We used only the best known, tested and approved material—without thinking then of the price of the car. That, it was felt, would come later. First we wanted to

construct our ideal of a motor car.

It was determined to fully equip the Enger "40"—so that the buyer would only have to get oil and gasoline—and start his car.

Finished, the Fully Equipped Enger "40" is the highest type possible in an automobile—with all the power and speed you could wish—immeasurably sturdy and durable. Yet not so heavy as to make its up-keep and tire cost a burden.

The price we fixed as low as we could—to give only a fair margin of profit, such as is obtained in other lines of manufacture.

Briefly told, these facts will show you why the Enger "40" is a car of quality unusual at \$2000.

Specifications of the 1910 Enger "40"

Motor: Four-cylinder, four-cycle, cylinders cast in pairs. 4 1/2 inch bore by 5 inch stroke. 3-bearing crank shaft.

Horsepower: 40.

Cooling: Water. Gear driven pump. Radiator of ample sufficiency. Fan attached to motor, running on two-point ball bearings. Center distances of fan pulleys adjustable to take up stretch in belt.

Ignition: Double system high tension magneto with non-vibrating coil—the other, five unit dry cell battery, through high tension distributor.

Lubrication: Oil uniformly distributed. Splash system.

Carburetor: Latest Schebler—model "L," float feed type, needle valve controlled by the throttle, thus controlling the proper mixture at all speeds.

Clutch: Multiple disc.

Transmission: Sliding gear, selective type, three speeds forward and reverse.

Drives: Direct shaft drive and housing to bevel gears of special cut teeth to afford maximum strength. Universal joint between transmission and rear axle.

Axles: Full floating type in rear, special alloy steel, live axle shafts, running on anti-friction bearings. Front "I" beam section with drop forged yokes, spring purchase, tie rod ends and steering spindles.

Brakes: One internal and one external brake direct on wheels, large drums double acting and compensating.

Steering Gear: Worm and sector type, adjustable with ball thrust bearings.

Frame: Dropped pressed steel, channel section. Width 32 inches.

Wheels: Wood artillery type, with quick detachable rims. Special large hub flanges, and special strength wide spokes.

Wheel Bases: 116 inches.

Tires: 34 x 4 inches. Quick detachable.

Treads: 56 inches.

Spring: Front semi-elliptical, 18 inches long by 2 inches wide. Rear semi-elliptical, 50 inches long by 2 inches wide.

Control: Spark and throttle levers at steering wheel. Steering wheel 16 inches in diameter. Clutch operated by foot pedal. Service brake (external) operated by foot lever. Emergency brakes (internal) operated by hand lever; speed changes by hand lever operating in "H" plate.

Speed: 5 to 50 miles an hour on high gear.

Gasoline Capacity: About 20 gallons.

Upholstering: Black leather over genuine curled hair and deep coil steel springs.

Finish: Royal blue body and cream chassis, striped.

Equipment: Top, windshield, speedometer, one pair gas headlights and generator, one pair side oil lamps and tail lamp, magneto, horn, set of tools, pump, tire repair kit, jack, robe and foot rail and tire irons.

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There are no "extras" to buy with an Enger "40." It is complete—all ready for service.

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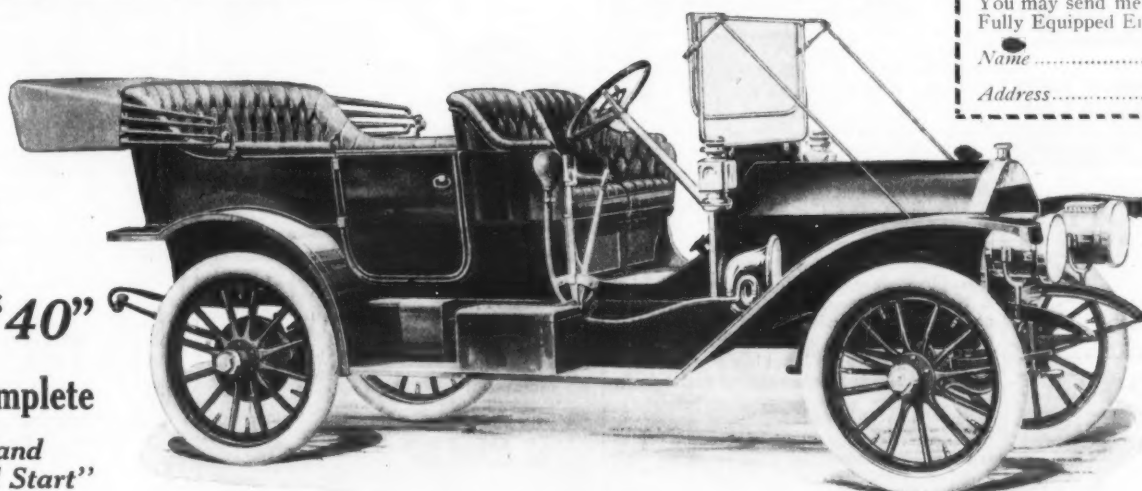
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Banjo Nell

(Continued from page 17)

ated his efforts to teach the natives the art of praising God with song, through their noses. And we couldn't help imagining her there, in that lonely, musty place, with the severe man—little tinkling Nellie and her banjo.

Months passed, the monsoons veered, the rains began. We had swung well into the routine of Manila official life and had forgotten her, when one day I was ordered on a tour of inspection through the Cagayan. And on that tour I passed through her town and saw her again.

I had been in the saddle for weeks, and it seemed years; it was four in the afternoon, and since the break of day I had been wallowing beneath the rains, partly riding, partly carrying my pony through an ooze interminable as the surface of the earth after the Deluge. In ten hours I had made ten miles; I wanted to push on to San Juan, five miles farther, so I stopped only for a few minutes.

SHE stood at the head of the bamboo stairs of the nipa hut which he, voluptuously ascetic, had chosen as the proper abode of a propagator of Christian ideals; and as I rose even with her, she took my hand in both of hers. We remained there, upon the slightly vacillating platform, during the whole interview, I refusing to come in, for fear of a drooping of spirit and an abandonment of my resolutions if I but allowed myself the relaxation of a chair. He was away for the day in some barrio where he had founded a new chapel and was fighting the local padre. "He"—that is the way she spoke of him; with a sort of detached inflection, as though mentioning a something very remote and incomprehensible. "I don't play much; he doesn't like it," she said when laughingly I mentioned the famous banjo. We talked a bit of inconsequential nothings, of little incidents of the transport life, but mostly she was begging me to stay, to stay and dine with her. She held my hand in both of hers and begged. It was hard to refuse her. Her eyes were very large; it was only later that I realized that they were so because the face beneath had shrunk, was pale and very thin. She held my hand and begged, but I held good. I had to see the provincial treasurer that night at San Juan; besides, through some cursed conventionalism, hereditary I suppose, I felt a certain embarrassment at being with her alone—with "him" away. And suddenly she dropped my hand and ceased asking; dropped my hand and let her hands fall in an expression of sudden surrender which had in it a sort of accustomedness, as though she often thus begged and thus, was denied, or though suddenly she remembered that it was her fate always to be denied. She dropped my hand and let me go with a smile. I had not gone a mile, though, before a sudden pang of regret reined me up, there in the middle of a shaking quagmire—and I almost turned back. But I didn't. I cursed myself for a fool and went on. I should have gone back.

THREE weeks later I was again in Manila and told my story. By which I seemed to earn Strang's disapprobation, for, following the telling, he did not speak to me for three days. And then, a month later, we heard that she was dead.

The news came to us at first as a rumor one way, then another, then again in another, always imprecise, but leaving no doubt of the hard fact that she was dead. It gave us no details, did not tell us how she had died—but we knew, the three of us, we knew. Of loneliness, of severity, starved of tinklings and sounds of mirth, of sheer desolation in that miserable pueblo of the Cagayan, beneath the heavy mournfulness of the rains. And the thought had a strong effect on me—as strong almost as it had on Strang. For unreasonably but irresistibly, in spite of my best efforts, I became possessed of an absurd but fixed idea: that if I had stayed that time or had gone back, had yielded to the cling of her hands or had returned to the memory of her pleading eyes, that then she would not have died.

The mess was gloomy, and Hart was angry. "I'm going to move," he announced: "you people get on my nerves. This place is like a sepulcher. And all this black fuss over a girl who tinkled a banjo and wore ribbons. Why, she's no doubt somewhere now, her little head bent on the strings, tinkling away most happily, and laughing at you two dark sentimentalists shedding tears down here!"

"You're right," said Strang, going to the piano (a piece of war loot) and striking the loosened wires in a crashing and false chord.

But it was Hart who looked worried when he came in the next evening. He



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stood at the door of the big living room, and through the jar solemnly signaled to me with one finger. I rose and met him in the hall.

"He's here, downstairs," he whispered. "He?"

Right away I knew who it was. The husband; the husband of the dead girl. "Good Lord!" I said.

"He's leaving for the States," Hart continued. "He got in this morning. I found him wandering on the Escalata; he's hard hit. We'd better take him in for the night. His ship leaves in the morning."

"Surely," I said. And then: "Wait, I'll ask Strang."

"Of course," said Strang, as though surprised that I should ask. "Of course, we'll keep him over night."

ITOLD Hart. Hart went downstairs. And after a while the door swung open, and He walked in.

He walked in two steps and stopped. At first glance we could see that he was hard hit. He stood there, uncertain, and then we noticed that he held something in his arms. Awkwardly, like a father bearing a new-born child, he held in his arms a box, a worn and scratched box, like a small coffin—the banjo!

Right away we acted like fools. We stared; we could not detach our eyes from the box. He stood there, near the door, which was still open behind him, and, very much bowed, held the box awkwardly; and we, Strang and I, standing on the other side of the room, looked at the box without a gesture, without a word.

"Sit down, sit down," at length said Hart from behind.

But he had noted our looks, our hypnotized stares. "It's her banjo," he said, slipping limply to the chair placed behind him, and placing the box carefully across his knees. "Her banjo."

We continued staring at the little scratched box, staring as at a ghost; and waited with unconscious and gruesome curiosity for what he should say next.

"She wanted to play on it that night," he went on as if compelled. "She wanted to play on it that night. I wouldn't let her. It was a time for solemn things. She wanted to play on it that night—"

IT WAS horrid. We stood there, petrified, looking at the box, with now another vision in our eyes. The vision of "that" night, in the hut of the lonely pueblo of the Cagayan. We could see her, there against the white pillow, begging for the banjo, for a last bit of her old joy.

"She wanted to play, and I didn't let her," he began again—evidently his mind was unhinged. "Didn't let her," he repeated. "And do you think it was right?"—he turned the sunken question of his eyes upon us—"do you think it was right—that I should not let her?"

Strang had moved forward one step; suddenly his voice rang out, very low and resonant, like a bell. "You imbecile," he said; "you somber imbecile!"

"It was a solemn moment," began again the wreck on the chair.

But Strang's voice pushed up abruptly from its low resonance to a cry, a terrible dry cry like a squawk. And before we could move he had leaped the intervening space and was at the other's throat.

The chair went backward with a crash that sent the blood tingling through our veins; we sprang toward Strang. He had the missionary down and, with his iron fingers, was strangling him, swiftly and mercilessly.

We got him away. He stood a moment in the center of the room, raised his elbow across his eyes as if to veil them of a hideous sight, then, pivoting, went off uncertainly into his bedroom. We raised the missionary, Hart and I, and Hart hustled him out. I looked into Strang's room before following. He was stretched face down upon his cot, and his whole big frame was rising and falling in convulsive sobs.

WE WALKED, Hart and I, the missionary up and down the Luneta Beach, by the phosphorescent waves, beneath the stars, till he was calmed, till we were calm. When we returned to the house everything was dark and still. The missionary slept in my room, and at dawn we took him to his ship and saw him depart—with the banjo.

When we reentered the messroom for breakfast, Strang was sitting in his place, waiting for us. He was clean-shaven, had on an immaculate white suit, and in his manner there was nothing to remind us of the scene of the night. There never has been since.

The "30" Locomobile



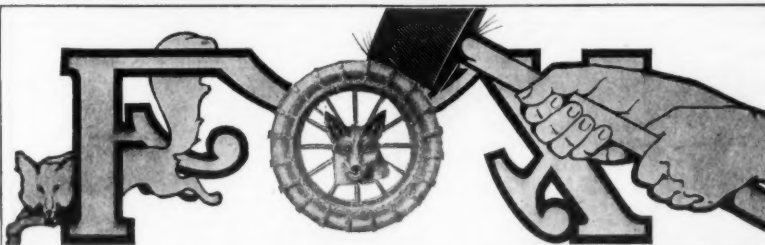
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The Best Friend

(Continued from page 19)

for the dining-room and a damask-upholstered set of furniture for the parlor and a rug and a Florentine mirror for the hall; and he arranged to have his purchases delivered at an address which he would some time later supply.

He returned to the Junction the day before that set for the wedding. On the train he looked for some one who might resemble a bridegroom, but found none such; and he was the only person to alight at the Junction.

Caroline told him that her betrothed had had to delay his arrival until the wedding day. He had written to her that he was closing up an important business transaction, and that he would come on the same train with the clergyman. She seemed to Temple subdued and forlorn; and that evening as they sat together on the veranda, he thought he might cheer her up, and said:

"My feelings are rather hurt. You haven't asked me about your wedding present yet."

"Oh, no!" She suddenly became child-like again—all eagerness. "Will you let me see it—now? Oh, please!"

"I can't. I haven't it with me. It was too big to carry."

When she next spoke it was as if she were speaking to herself.

"I wonder," she said, "if every girl is frightened the day before she is to be married?"

"Are you frightened?"

"I can't help it. I know I ought to be happy, but underneath there's a strange dread."

"It will all vanish the moment your eyes rest on the man."

"Of course!" She looked at him gratefully, comforted.

THE next day at noon Caroline went over to the station to await the arrival of the train from Los Angeles. David Temple had chosen to withdraw himself.

From his room he heard the train arrive and depart. He waited for what seemed a decent interval; then he went out upon the veranda just as Caroline and Mr. Gunter and the clergyman were coming up the steps. He stood in the background while Caroline's father welcomed the bridegroom and the clergyman. Gunter was a portly young man with a pallid complexion, a loose, flabby mouth, and fat, pendulous jowls; he wore a flashy green suit and a purple knitted necktie; his teeth were bad and his voice was noisy.

"Hello, Mr. Carriek! Glad to see you; you're acquainted with Dr. Grant, of course." And he drew the clergyman, an elderly, meek-looking little man, forward by the arm. "Kind of a sad-looking place for a wedding," he continued in his loud, talkative tone. "Oh, well, Carrie and I don't mind. We'll cheer up the solitudes and give the hotel folks a good time." This last he vociferated with his eyes upon Temple.

"There are no hotel guests just now, John," said Caroline; and at the sound of her voice, so cold and quiet, Temple, who had been studying the bridegroom, looked at her. In her eyes, fixed upon him, he read a tragic confession and appeal. "There is only Mr. Temple, who is a friend of mine from the Valley."

David came forward; Gunter greeted him warmly. "Pleased to meet you—glad you could be on hand—didn't know Carrie had any friends in this part of the world." Then he nudged Temple and added in an aside audible to Caroline: "Say, I've got a couple of bottles of fizz in my bag; I thought there'd be only the old gents to drink with, but you and I will have a little celebration by ourselves. Eh, what?"

"I shall be very glad to drink the bride's health," replied Temple.

Gunter looked at his watch. "Twelve o'clock, and the Eastbound Limited is due at three," he said. "Let's get ready, Carrie, and be spliced right off, and then we'll eat, drink, and be merry."

There was a moment's silence. Caroline, who had been very pale, suddenly flushed crimson. "I must have a talk with you, John," she said. "All alone."

David Temple retired again to his room. From his window, which was at one end of the long veranda, he could see Caroline and Gunter sitting together in the chairs which he and Caroline had so often occupied; and there was no one else in sight.

He could not have heard anything they said; it seemed scarcely honorable for him even to look. He read page after page of "Tristram Shandy" without understanding a word. At last he looked at his watch; it was a quarter of one. Then he glanced again out of the window. Caroline was not there; Gunter was sitting all alone, with his chin on his hand.

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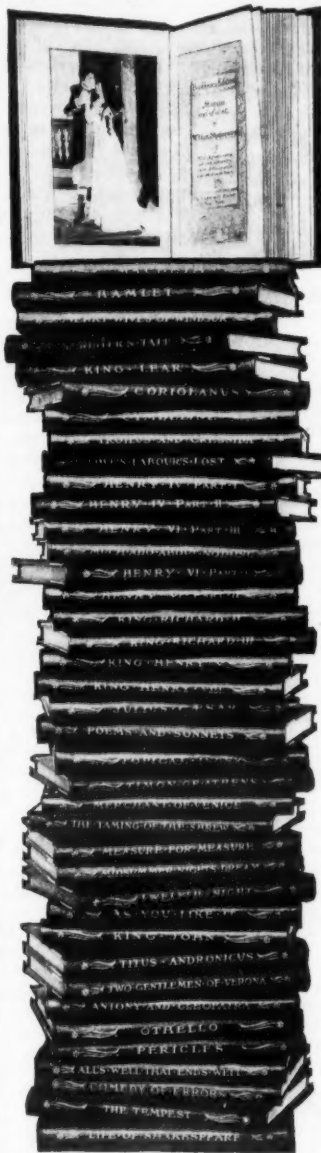
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Temple felt an unexpected pity for the man whom he had disliked and despised. Poor stupid oaf, no doubt he had loved the girl. Temple pitied him for that one moment, and then his own happiness rose and buoyed up his heart.

GUNTER left his chair and approached the window, pacing idly. When he came near, he caught sight of Temple and stopped. The eyes of the two men met; Gunter turned, walked to the door of the hotel, and entered. Temple heard him coming down the corridor toward his room.

"Has he a gun?" wondered Temple; and he stood facing the open door, ready to spring at the first hostile demonstration. But when he saw Gunter's face he knew he had nothing to fear.

"So you're the fellow that's put me on the bum," said Gunter, and he looked at Temple with a gaze in which there was more wistful interest than animosity. "I've got more reasonable," he continued after a moment in a subdued voice. "For a while back there I was seeing red, but what's the use? I've been afraid all along she was too classy for me. I'm just a common kind of a mut. I never matched up with her on language or reading matter or none of those things. I liked to give her presents, and I guess she, being kind of hard up, found it easy to feel she could care for me and put a veneer on me some time—a heap easier to think that than to do it. Especially when she wasn't seeing me. But I knew when I got off the train and she wouldn't let me kiss her that something was wrong. Well, she's told me. You're all the candy. I showed her the yellow in me; I said she'd have to marry me now; how was I to go back and face the boys if she didn't? You see, I'd talked it up big, about my getting married and what a peach I'd pinched, and all that. And she said she was glad I'd made that remark to her because it showed her it was mostly just pride on my part and I didn't really much care for her, and so she wouldn't feel badly about breaking off the affair."

He paused a moment and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Then I tried to convince her there was more to it than that, but she wouldn't listen. But just at the last she said she'd treated me cruelly, and she would always be ashamed of herself for it and sorry, and she hoped I'd some time forgive her; and then all of a sudden she jumped up and ran away. And I knew then it was all over—and I guess maybe she knew I loved her some even if I had shown her the yellow in me."

"Well, now, Mr. Temple, you can help me out. I want to show her there's some white in me. It's a fact, I don't wish her any ill luck because she's turned me down. I know—she just couldn't swallow me at the last—and I've always had a kind of a hunch that it might be so. But I want her to be happy and have what she wants—and, hell, Mr. Temple, you can see for yourself this is no place for a girl—no, not for a dog. Do you get what I'm driving at?"

"Not exactly," replied Temple.

"Why, here the clergyman and I are hung up until to-morrow morning before we can get a train back to Los Angeles. Now she wouldn't want to marry you right off to-day in my presence, because she thinks it would be hurting me. But the clergyman's here, and her father is a justice of the peace and can fix up a license for you—and this is a hell of a hole, Mr. Temple. So I say—you put it to her this way; that I've come to you and it's all right, and I'll dance at your wedding if she wants it, and there's a couple of bottles of fizz that will help to put me in good spirits—I don't know," he added, with a strain of melancholy in his voice. "Maybe she'll just think that it shows another streak of yellow in me, and that I'd be more of a man if I went for you with a gun. But anyhow this is the way I feel about it, Mr. Temple—and you tell her so with my compliments."

"I will," said Temple, "right now. And some time I hope you'll find a girl, Mr. Gunter, who won't worry too much about the veneer."

AN HOUR later Caroline in a white muslin dress and David Temple in a much-crescent blue suit stood before the clergyman, and were made man and wife.

And when the ceremony was over, Mrs. Temple, before she kissed her husband, before she kissed her father, put her hands on John Gunter's shoulders and said:

"John, dear, I like you better than I ever did, even when I thought I loved you most—and you must promise always to be our very best friend."

Then she kissed him on the lips, and Gunter grinned and said: "Sure!" and David Temple, remembering the part for which he had originally been cast, smiled and was silent.

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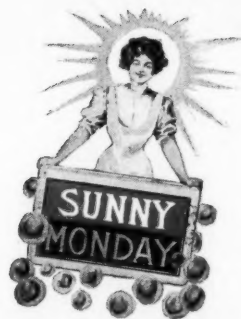


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